

THE ACADEMY

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE & ART

No. 1855

NOVEMBER 23, 1907

PRICE THREEPENCE

Education

UNIVERSITY OF GLASGOW.

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THE University Court of the University of Glasgow having resolved to institute a Lectureship in Psychology, General and Experimental, will make an appointment thereto on 12th December next.

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UNIVERSITY OF GLASGOW,
November, 1907.

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No. 2

MICHAELMAS TERM

1907

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An important article by DR. F. C. S. SCHILLER, entitled:

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A WEEKLY PAPER ABOUT BOOKS

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Registered as a Newspaper in the United Kingdom, and at the New York Post Office as Second-class Mail Matter. Subscriptions: Inland 15s.; Foreign 17s. 6d. a year, post free.

All communications intended for the Editor should be sent to 63 Lincoln's Inn Fields.

The publishing offices of THE ACADEMY are at 95 Fetter Lane, E.C., to which address all business letters should be sent.

The Editor cannot undertake to return unsolicited Manuscripts which are not accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope. The receipt of a proof does not imply acceptance of an article.

LIFE AND LETTERS

WE desire cordially to congratulate the Nineteen Incumbents of the City of Newcastle who have given Dr. Straton to understand that his recent *pronunciamiento* is nothing, and less than nothing, as far as they are concerned. There are twenty-five incumbencies in the city, and one of these benefices is at present vacant; and so we can say that there are many prophets in the Church of England who have not bowed the knee to Baal:

We the undersigned [say, the nineteen] in view of your lordship's statement, that the decisions of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council with regard to matters affecting the worship of the Church of England must be obeyed in this diocese, beg most respectfully to inform your lordship that we are unable to admit the validity of such decisions.

Nothing could be more calm, more dignified than this protest—and nothing could more plainly intimate to the Bishop that his authority, as a mouthpiece of the Privy Council, is less than nothing. The signatories go on to condemn their Diocesan out of his own lips; he has appealed to the Royal Commission; and the Blessed Commission itself says:

As thousands of clergy, with strong lay support, refuse to recognise the jurisdiction of the Judicial Committee, its judgments cannot be enforced.

One has a right, it seems to us, to demand a little ingenuity, a little plausibility, even from a—Privy Council Bishop.

Again, we congratulate the Nineteen. The battle is over as far as they are concerned; they are not called upon to fight on; they have only not to recede from the unassailable position they have taken up. They will be able to bear the comments of the *North Mail*, which calls the whole affair a "ritualistic quarrel" which is "undignified" and "ridiculous." What a pity that those poor idiots of early martyrs who submitted to death by slow, excruciating, and awful torments, because they would not let a grain of benzoin fall from their fingers on a fire before a statue of Cæsar, did not take in the *North Mail*! One fears that they must have been "ritualists," and "undignified," and "ridiculous" as well. And what of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman? We called attention to the deliberate malignancy of his action in appointing Dr. Straton to the diocese of Newcastle at the time of the appointment. The Prime Minister knew perfectly well that he was placing

a square peg in a round hole; he is presumably delighted at the result, at the "row" that has been created. We stand altogether apart from politics in these columns; we know nothing of Liberal or of Conservative; but we recognise the deliberate enmity to the Catholic Church in England. We call upon every man who loves God better than the wretched "Party Machine" to do his utmost against this foe of the faith; to vote for the Small Loaf, the Cession of Ireland to the Pope, the Annexation of the Chinese Empire—or whatever the temporary gibberish may be—rather than replace in power a party which has so clearly proved its bitter hostility to the Church.

Another story has reached us from Cornwall. The local Free Church Council of a certain borough strongly advocates temperance to the extent of total abstinence. A person of repute is proposed for the office of mayor, but he is a member of the Established Church. The local Free Church Council has "conscientious objections" to his election. Apparently the Churchman is a strong candidate, and for some local causes which have not been explained to us, there is only one Nonconformist at all likely to defeat him. The Nonconformist happens not long before to have been fined by a neighbouring bench of magistrates for having been "drunk and disorderly." The local Free Church Council adopts the delinquent as its candidate and secures his election. If the local Free Church Council supported him as a demonstration against an unjust sentence, it would no doubt appreciate our reference to its spirited action. If, as appears from our information, there was no question of that kind, and nonconformity was his essential qualification, and his previous conviction merely a regrettable incident, the local Free Church Council's action is another example of the profitable working of "the Nonconformist conscience."

To us it does not, of course, follow that a man who has once been fined for having been drunk and disorderly is permanently unfit for civic office. Many esteemed and useful members of municipalities and of Parliament have lived and died drunk, and we do not canvass the civic fitness of any living successors they may have to a similar combination of public activity with personal indulgence. But, then, we do not believe, or profess the belief, that Parliament or municipalities or any civil authority whatever has any divine authority. Neither do we believe that any individual has any moral duty to support or obey them. He has a moral right to do so when it suits his convenience, provided his conscience approves; and when we write of conscience, we do not refer to "the Nonconformist conscience," but to that divine source of action within every man, common to all men, which differentiates them from brutes.

Though nothing can be universally predicted of a quick-sand, unless it be its tendency to devour, numerous individual leaders and congregations of Free Churchmen—mainly, as we have said before, Baptists, Congregationalists, or Calvinistics—are continually proclaiming, in their religio-political conventicles and elsewhere, the Divine Right of majorities, and the moral duty of Christians to swell them by recording their votes. As long as the interests of local or national faction permit, Christianity, Religious liberty, Civil liberty, Morality—in fact, dominance by the Free Churches, which in their language these four terms equally connote—are identified with Teetotalism. But when their crown of life, local office, is in the

market, with its halo of quiet perquisites "for self and friends," all the Commandments are epitomised in one: "Thou shalt worship the Free Church Caucus and it only shalt thou serve."

Our portentous contemporary, the *Pall Mall Gazette*, in its issue of November 20th, provides a delicious example of the "don't-nail-his-ear-to-the-pump" principle. It expresses its reprobation of the unmannerly behaviour of certain Cambridge undergraduates on the occasion of the King of Spain's visit to the University, and adds the following words:—"If the Spanish and other foreign newspapers get hold of the story, *as it is to be feared they will*, the incident will not enhance our reputation for good manners, either in Spain or on the Continent generally." The italics are ours. Apparently our guileless contemporary fails to realise that, if it is anxious, as it professes to be, to prevent the story from finding its way into the Spanish and other foreign newspapers, it is hardly adopting the wisest policy to give it the publicity of its own columns. The circulation of the *Pall Mall Gazette* may not be very large, but to tell a story in its columns and then hope that nobody will notice it, is surely an exaggerated manifestation of modesty.

Surely the time has come when some benevolent millionaire might present us with a new evening penny paper. The *Westminster Gazette*, which, when it was in opposition, was lively and sometimes even brilliant, has suffered that eclipse which is apt to overtake party papers when their party returns to power. Moreover, it seems to have now definitely joined hands with the Nonconformists and Socialists, and the snuffle of the conventicle sounds too plainly in its columns to commend it to the ear of any but violent partisans of the present Government. If the victory of the Radical Government has had such a disastrous effect on the *Westminster*, we should naturally expect to find that its rival the *Pall Mall Gazette* would have received a correspondingly stimulating impetus. Many of us looked hopefully to see it make some effort to raise itself from the dull level of unintelligent mediocrity where it has reposed for so many years. But we looked in vain. The *Pall Mall* in opposition is, if possible, duller than the *Pall Mall* as a Government organ. On the other hand, the *Evening Standard* has lately very much improved, and the *Globe* retains its sound old-fashioned standard of excellence. Still there is ample room for another paper under an editor who will realise that in order to be respectable, and weighty, and influential, it is not necessary to be either dismal or petty. Brilliancy is the best policy in journalism, though Fleet Street (and Newton Street) don't seem to think so.

The Dean of Manchester's recent pronouncement to the effect that in all State-aided schools the religious observance should consist of the singing of a hymn, the saying of the Lord's Prayer, and Bible reading without comment, has been condemned by the Church Schools' Emergency League as "disappointing and unsatisfactory," especially as coming from a prominent Church dignitary. The League, in the course of correspondence which is to be published, declares its adherence to the principle laid down by the Dean as essential to a settlement of the education controversy, that religious instruction should be given in all public elementary schools. Otherwise many thousands of the children of England would be sent out into the world without having even known the name of "Almighty God." It goes on to insist that the minimum of religious observance suggested by the Dean cannot be regarded as religious instruction, which must of necessity be detailed, and illustrated.

The League further declares that the religious instruction given under the Act of 1902 is of far greater value, but that it cannot rest satisfied until the fullest religious teaching is given, in all elementary schools, where it is desired by the parents. The Passive Resisters would be allowed, if the League had its way, to pay their rates into a separate purse. The Dean is not content with the simple instruction which he advocates as a universal minimum. He recognises the necessity of supplementing it, but he thinks that "in the present divided state of theological opinion," no fuller instruction can be given under the authority of the State. The denominations must make it their business to supply it. Secularism he regards as "the worst of all educational evils." He disclaims any desire to solve the education difficulty as a whole.

The question of facilities for the further teaching which both disputants desire does not emerge in the course of the discussion. While the League's solution would not exclude them, the Dean says nothing that would lead his readers to suppose that he had contemplated them. His contribution to the educational debate, in fact, leaves the difficulty where it was. The bare minimum which he advocates will be thought by most Church people not to be worth a struggle. It certainly does not bring us nearer the settlement which is so eagerly desired.

It is time that something was done to fix the meaning of proper nouns, which are continually changing owing to legal decisions. Everyone who drinks liqueurs knows the meaning of the word *chartreuse*. The courts of law in France and England have decided that the word in future shall convey no meaning. Among those who like *chartreuse* comparatively few know or care that it was made by Carthusian monks in France and is now made by the same monks in Spain. All that *chartreuse* drinkers knew was, that when they asked for yellow or green *chartreuse* they always got the same liquid, made from a secret receipt. The French and English Courts have now decided that the word may equally mean totally different yellow or green liquids made from totally different receipts, and usually sold at lower prices on account of their inferiority. This facilitates a fraud on the public. To avoid being cheated, it is now necessary to ask for *chartreuse* made by the Carthusian monks in Spain, and even then it is necessary to take more than ordinary care to "see that you get it."

It is a very deplorable thing that St. Paul's Cathedral, possessing as it does what is perhaps the finest choir in the world, should so persistently and obstinately continue to perform the worst music. English church music is a treasure house of gems, and the services and anthems of such masters as Orlando Gibbons, Purcell, and the two Wesleys, to mention a few names at hazard, can compare favourably with any music produced in any country and in any church. Why, then, does Sir George Martin persist day after day and week after week in causing the choir of St. Paul's to perform the meretricious modern vulgarities of Stainer, Gadsby, Barnby, Garret, and the rest of them. As a concession to those who only like bad music they might be performed from time to time, and, indeed, one would have no cause to complain if they took their fair turn in some scheme of regular rotation; but the present prominence which is given to the type of church composer of which the names we have cited are typical, coinciding as it does with the neglect, and even total exclusion, of the great English masters, is nothing less than a scandal and a disgrace.

IN THE CONVENT GARDEN

The ball flies high in the sunny air.
 "Catch it!" It falls. With tossing hair
 And fluttering skirts and shrieks of glee
 They race it to the shrubbery:
 Mary and Barbara, neck and neck,
 They laugh and race—to a sudden check.
 Their voices fail in a dying hush;
 For there, behind that flowering bush,
 Aloft upon a barren Tree
 Hangs One in agony.

Full on His face the westering sun
 Shows where the mortal drops have run.
 The writhen body, gaunt and bare,
 Gleams ghastly through the gentle air.
 Where white flowers wave about His feet,
 And garden sights and smells are sweet,
 Childhood and play, with bated breath,
 Look face to face on pain and death;
 Where, high, alone, upon the Tree
 Hangs One in agony.

Children, laugh on, and in His name
 Run, throw the ball and join the game.
 He loves your laughter, for 'twas He
 Who paid the price that bought your glee.
 We only dare to laugh and play,
 To joy in the sun and the garden gay,
 To be brave and happy and love our friends,
 And be glad when the day begins and ends,
 Because upon the bitter Tree
 He hangs for you and me. H. C.

THE PRAISE OF MYFANWY

O gift of the everlasting:
 O wonderful and hidden mystery.
 Many secrets have been vouchsafed to me,
 I have been long acquainted with the wisdom of the trees;
 Ash and oak and elm have communicated to me from
 my boyhood,
 The birch and the hazel and all the trees of the green-
 wood have not been dumb.
 There is a caldron rimmed with pearls of whose gifts I
 am not ignorant;
 I will speak little of it; its treasures are known to Bards.
 Many went on the search of Caer-Pedryfan,
 Seven alone returned with Arthur, but my spirit was
 present.
 Seven are the apple-trees in a beautiful orchard;
 I have eaten of their fruit which is not bestowed on
 Saxons.
 I am not ignorant of a Head which is glorious and
 venerable;
 It made perpetual entertainment for the warriors, their
 joys would have been immortal;
 If they had not opened the door of the south, they
 would have feasted for ever,
 Listening to the song of the fairy Birds of Rhiannon.
 Let not anyone instruct me concerning the Glassy Isle;
 In the garments of the saints who returned from it were
 rich odours of Paradise.
 All this I knew, and yet my knowledge was ignorance.
 For one day, as I walked by Caer-rhiu in the principal
 forest of Gwent,

I saw golden Myfanwy as she bathed in the brook Tarogi.
 Her hair flowed about her; Arthur's crown had dis-
 solved into a shining mist.

I gazed into her blue eyes as it were into twin heavens,
 All the parts of her body were adornments and miracles.
 O gift of the everlasting:
 O wonderful and hidden mystery:
 When I embraced Myfanwy a moment became immor-
 tality.

ARTHUR MACHEN.

LITERATURE

OPEN-AIR LIFE

Wild Life on a Norfolk Estuary. By A. H. PATTERSON.
 (London: Methuen, 1907.)

Days Stolen for Sport. By PHILIP GEEN. (London:
 Werner Laurie, 1907.)

THE demand for books on the open air seems to show no abatement, and the steady output of volumes on this subject indicates that there must be a large and increasing public for this kind of literature. The two volumes before us are good examples of the right type of open-air book. They are contributed by men who from their earliest childhood have had a passion for fresh air, and for the countryside and its wild denizens. They come from east and west, Mr. Patterson being a Norfolk man, while Mr. Geen is a son of Devon.

Mr. Patterson has already appeared before the public as the author of two books on Nature and wild life in Norfolk. These books showed great powers of observation, extreme accuracy, and a real love of his subject. Few field naturalists of the present day have taken more pains to get at the heart of things, and the Duchess of Bedford—herself one of our keenest zoologists—who contributes a prefatory note to the present volume, is perfectly right when she says: "As a student, rather than a professed scientist, his books have a special value for other students, as giving an insight into his own methods and the steps by which he became familiar with the wild life around him." After a perusal of this excellent volume we agree with the Duchess that it will be a welcome addition to ornithological literature. Mr. Patterson deals in the present instance entirely with Breydon Water, a well-known tidal estuary outside Yarmouth, which has attracted during long ages legions of wild fowl and wading birds, and which, even now, despite the increase of population and of gunners, still manages to allure, during the course of the year, many rare and interesting forms of avi-faunal life. We have sailed up Breydon many times, and can say more than a good word for its surpassing charm for the lover of Nature and wild life. Who that has passed up Breydon Channel at night and has heard around him the many voices of the seabirds and wild fowl can ever forget it? On Breydon Water Mr. Patterson has passed countless hours of his leisure time, watching, observing and noting constantly and systematically his observations. The result of many years of patient and intelligent research, thus conducted, is to be found in this and the author's two preceding volumes. All are delightful books, and in all are to be found much information concerning many of the lesser known forms of bird life, and an always sympathetic outlook on Nature.

"Winter Days on Breydon," "Men and Manners," "Breydon in Springtime," "Summer Hours on Breydon," and "Breydon in Leisurely Autumn," are all delightful chapters, from which the sportsman, the

naturalist, and the lover of wild life may cull an endless variety of interesting facts. "From the Watcher's Notebook" contains a most valuable series of entries set down from day to day during the years 1901-1906, recording all the various notable birds which visited Breydon and were noted by the two "watchers," "Ducker" Chambers and "Newcome" Jay. Here is a sample for 1901: "April 1st—Two hundred and fifty widgeon, several grey plovers, some mallard, two wild geese, lots of knots, dunlins, and ringed plovers." Among other rare birds observed were pintail duck, spoonbills, black tern, Egyptian geese, godwits, white-winged black tern, sheld-ducks, Caspian terns, avocets, spotted redshanks, eared grebe, and many others, besides armies of the commoner species of wading birds and ducks. The 12th of May is still known in East Anglia as "Godwit Day," and in the record for 1903 one finds the note: "A good number of birds. A spoonbill, several lesser terns, some godwits, plenty of whimbrel, and a few grey plovers; N.E., fine." Spoonbills are still often seen about Breydon, and of late years seem inclined to visit East Anglia more frequently. Mr. Patterson believes that if Broadland were made a sanctuary this splendid bird would be induced to breed with us once more. "Seventeen of these birds were," he says, "feeding within half a mile of me on April 28th, 1901." There is a most interesting account of a visit to the heronry at Reedham, nine miles from Yarmouth. On a field near this place, 140 herons have been seen assembled. Three hundred years ago Sir Thomas Browne saw spoonbills nesting at Reedham. "The herons are looked for every year, 'reglar as a clock,' on February 1st; their call is heard for the first time, the bailiff assured me, on that date at about eight in the evening, so punctual are they on their return. On April 1st young ones are heard 'twipping' in the nests. In August they all depart and find fresh pastures. Some, no doubt, take a trip to the Continent, a procedure as fashionable with birds as with men." Our common heron, as a matter of fact, goes much further afield than the Continent, and is found as far south as Cape Colony and Australia, and as far east as Japan. That herons are pretty varied in their choice of food, and devour flesh as well as fish, is known to naturalists. Mr. Patterson found many of their pellets containing the fur of the water-vole, and is of opinion that they eat thousands of these animals during the season. Bird-lovers will find in this book a mine of interesting facts and observations. There are in the last two chapters some excellent notes on mammals and fishes.

Mr. Geen's book, "Days Stolen for Sport," is, although of a somewhat different order, equally enjoyable in its way. The author, as befits a West-countryman, is a thorough open-air man, and has in him the natural-born love of sport of every kind—real sport we mean—which is found deeply implanted in the natures of most men of Devon and Somerset. He has a pleasantly chatty way of telling his yarns, and from the second chapter, in which he tells us how as a lad of twenty he married a girl-wife of eighteen, and went on an angling honeymoon to "The Hunter's Inn" at Combe Martin, he captures our sympathies and our attention. The author has much to say of fishing in many parts of Britain. He can tell you to a nicety how to lure the little trout from Exmoor streamlets, how to kill salmon and sea trout on Highland rivers, how to make a big catch of pollack off the wild and rugged coast of Achill, in the far west of Ireland. Hampshire grayling, trout on the Kennet, pike fishing, nights with conger, skate and ling—these and many other forms of fishing all come pleasantly alike to Mr. Geen. The author is a man of ideas, and has invented various kinds of tackle, bearing his own

name, which appear to give excellent results. The pike, live-baiting tackle, shown at page 98, seems to be as ingenious as, apparently, it is successful, and at page 247 there are excellent and minute directions for pollack-fishing gear. Elsewhere in this pleasant book are various other wrinkles likely to be useful to fishing folk.

The author is one of the old-fashioned school of sportsmen, who prefer wild and rough shooting to big bags of half-tame pheasants, and deplore modern tendencies. Here, for example, is a note on a modern form of duck shooting, which came under his observation while out for a day's pike fishing. Some farmers were having a day's mallard shooting—in the home park on a certain estate—kindly granted to them by the landlord. "The disappointing way in which the birds flew," says the author, "annoyed me, until I was quite put out, and asked for explanation.

"Tell me, keeper, why don't your duck mount and clear off instead of making flights a moorhen would be ashamed of?"

"Well, sir, you see, they are a pinion short; we cuts the first joint from one of their wings when they are young."

Surely an amazing confession! If modern, hand-reared, wild-duck shooting is no better than this sort of thing, the sooner it is suppressed the better. We sympathise heartily with Mr. Geen's horror of such atrocities—for, to a real sportsman, such a thing is an atrocity.

Both these books are well illustrated, and they have the further merit of being provided with indexes.

BOHEMIA AGAIN

Bohemia in London. By ARTHUR RANSOME. (Chadman & Hall.)

FROM time to time there appears a book about "Bohemia," and somebody or other generally takes the occasion to remark that Bohemia is no more, either lamenting the cessation of its joys or else congratulating its would-have-been inhabitants that their lines are more comfortably and respectably cast. For my part, I never thought much of the social philosophy contained in this observation. To put the matter roughly, in one sense Bohemia has not been, and is not likely to be, abolished, and in another it never existed among us.

In the full sense of the word, as I take it, Bohemia expresses the life of those who are in open revolt against ordinary society, contemptuous of its morality, annoyed by its restrictions, indifferent to its opinion, and in that sense it expresses the lives of very, very few of us. The national character is too strong for it. Snobbishness at the worst and at the best, a sensible wish to live peaceably and with the respect of one's neighbours outweigh any glamour there may be in Bohemia for all but a tiny minority. Of course, these are those whom ordinary society will not receive and who naturally say that they refuse to enter ordinary society, but they by no means are necessarily Bohemian in spirit. No; in this full sense I do not believe that Bohemia was ever much of a feature of London life.

The word, however, is generally used in other senses than this. Sometimes it seems to mean merely living on the cheap, and pending a better distribution of wealth than ours, I fear that Bohemians in this sense will continue to abound. Players make more money than they did a generation or two ago, but writers (in the main) and painters less than ever, poor things! Sometimes the word means dining in Soho restaurants

and sitting up late. Sometimes it stands merely for the curiosity and high spirits of youth, prompting more or less audacious experiences. In all these meanings Bohemia flourishes, and is likely to flourish, but it is hardly necessary to have a separate name for it. Youth is youth and poverty is poverty. And, of course, there are the people who love to call themselves Bohemians because otherwise they would have to face the fact, to them repellant, that they are simply undistinguished, middle-class folk, but they do not mean very much by it.

As for Mr. Arthur Ransome, the latest exponent of the mystery, his Bohemia seems to mean dining in Soho and going late to bed. It is easy to do, perhaps the easiest road to a distinctive name ever known. And it is not very exciting to read about. To tell the truth, this book is rather milk-and-watery, though, of course, one rejoices, as a moralist, at the absence of any experience remotely indicating anything in the slightest degree vicious. Once an artist's model came and sang a naughty old song, rather a charming old song, to him, but she sang and went away. Really our superiority to foreigners in some matters is enormous: just imagine a young Frenchman writing to us of his hot youth! But Mr. Ransome writes pleasantly and well, and his book, if not exciting, is readable enough. He adds to his modern Bohemian matter agreeable chatter about "Old Chelsea," "Old Soho," and so forth, and the illustrations by Mr. Fred Taylor are well in keeping with it all.

G. S. S.

GEORGE MORLAND.

George Morland, his Life and Works. By GEORGE C. WILLIAMSON, Litt. D. (George Bell and Sons, 7s. 6d. net. The British Artists Series.)

THE life of Morland is a singularly pleasant one to read, if artists' lives must be read. It was so short that there is not time to tire of it, and so disgracefully happy that it sounds almost too good to be true. The one thing that would have spoilt it would have been his reform; but as it is, we are spared all the more tedious items of an artist's biography, such as the usual twaddle about fashionable sitters, the securing of examples of his work for the nation, or his correspondence with the rich and great; while his unfortunate weakness for every kind of strong drink, though it sadly shortened his life, never seems to have made it miserable either to himself or his family. Freedom from any kind of restraint was the one object of his life, and to the very end he succeeded in accomplishing it. When at last he was "lagged," the end came quickly, and, it must surely be admitted, mercifully.

To four of his contemporaries, Dawe, Blagdon, Hassall and Collins, we are indebted for the preservation of most of the personal history of Morland; and Dr. Williamson has certainly made the best use of his materials in this respect, and woven them into a clear and interesting narrative without too much expatiation. There is enough incident to show us what sort of a man Morland was, and the life he led; enough to account for the pleasure, if not pride, which his countrymen have always taken in his work, and for the prices they are willing to pay for it. It is hardly a question of fashion in Morland's case, it is genuine feeling for the man and his work, and the desire to keep rather than to sell it, that makes it so difficult to buy it cheaply.

The story, or rather the separate incidents, of his life are so extraordinarily fascinating that one can hardly help regretting that more tradition has not been collected concerning him. Enough there certainly is in Dr. Williamson's book; but from the very nature

of his life, the company he kept, and the shiftless way he went on, it is evident that an immense amount of anecdote must have perished from want of being recorded. To take but one instance, not mentioned in this book, he painted the sign of the "Goat and Boots" on the Fulham Road to defray his score; as it happens this is stated as a fact by Faulkner, writing as early as 1829; but no tradition of Morland visiting Chelsea is preserved. "An endeavour was once made," Dr. Williamson says, "to induce him to paint for so many hours a day, to frequent the society of eminent artists, and to associate himself with respectable people. To this his reply was: 'I would sooner go to Newgate, by God!'" Had the eminent artists and respectable people been allowed to associate with him we should, no doubt, have heard more about him, but it can hardly be regretted that things were as they were.

The list of paintings in Appendix III., for which Dr. Williamson is not responsible, is hardly so commendable as the rest of the book. It is stupidly printed, being exceedingly difficult to read at a glance, as such a list should be capable of being read; the descriptions of the pictures and of their owners are loose, and sometimes absurd. "W. LOCKETT, Agnew Gardens," is probably a mistake; and no one wants to wade through such passages as "ANDREWS, S., and SONS. Art Gallery, Glyn-y-Weddw Hall, Llanbedrog, Pwllheli, North Wales," in a mere schedule. Nor is any mention made of the charming "Fortune Teller," bequeathed to the National Gallery by Mrs. Behrend.

TWO NEW WORLDS.

Two New Worlds. By E. E. FOURNIER D'ALBE, B.Sc., London, 1907. (Longmans, Green and Co.)

MR. FOURNIER D'ALBE is the author of a popular introduction to the electron theory, which had much to commend it. In it he attempted to apply this theory in all its tremendous potentialities to the general range of electric and magnetic phenomena. On the whole, he made a good job of a difficult undertaking, but the little book now under consideration does not seem to us to lead to simplification of his subject, which again has reference to the electron theory. Mr. Fournier d'Albe has allowed speculation to run away with him. In a recent notice in these columns of "La Physique Moderne," M. Lucien Poincaré's admirable exposition of the evolution of modern physics, the reviewer quoted this distinguished Frenchman's warning to ardent scientists that they should hold their imaginations in leash. "The electron," said M. Poincaré, "has conquered physics and many adore the new idol blindly"; and this is true, for many appear to believe that surrender to the electron of the characteristics of the atom may be regarded as an explanation of all that is created or that is evolving. M. Poincaré's words were directed at those whom Mr. Fournier d'Albe in all probability would call materialists—persons, that is, who desire to explain the phenomena of Nature in accordance with physical laws, which may yet be demonstrable if they are not already demonstrated; but Mr. Fournier d'Albe also requires similar repressive counsel, though he may style himself rather psychologist than physiologist, romancer rather than reporter. "Two New Worlds" purports to introduce a new point of view into the electron theory, which the author describes as accounting for all the known manifestations of electricity and magnetism; and the departure which he makes is to stipulate that matter and electricity should be accepted as of an essentially different nature, so that, to use his own words, "whatever they may be, one of them cannot be interpreted in terms of the other." This is a fair postulate enough when taken

by itself, but how a statement to the effect that there is no electric theory of matter, can be described as a point of view upon the electron theory, is difficult to see. The book, as we learn from the preface, has been written "for the glory of God and the honour of Ireland," and perhaps the author has been hampered by his theology or has slipped into the perpetration of a little bull.

The new worlds to which Mr. Fournier d'Albe introduces his readers are termed by him the infra-world and the supra-world. The infra-world is arrived at by equating in imagination our world to an electron, atoms and electrons representing suns and planets respectively, all surfaces being reduced in the ratio of 10^{44} to 1 and all volumes in the ratio of 10^{66} to 1. In the supra-world the author proceeds in the opposite direction of the scale, and instead of dividing our terrestrial measurements by 10,000 trillion he multiplies them in that proportion. He considers life in both these worlds from the mechanical and physical aspect, and as a result of much ciphering, intermixed with some ingenious deductions, he comes to the conclusion that no material interpretation of Nature will ever explain anything—"not microscopy but psychology will solve the riddle of the universe." The assertion is thrown down as a gage of battle to the biologist, the chemist, and the physicist whom the author is cautioning against lapses into mysticism. We do not see why the assistance of imagination and the promise of theory should be denied to the biologist, the chemist, and the physicist, but permitted to those who call themselves psychologists, if only because a man cannot be a sound psychologist without being scientifically equipped. Also, we do not think that Mr. Fournier d'Albe's theory that two other worlds obedient to similar basic forces are just discernible to our present faculties, suggestive and interesting as it is, leads in the least to any comprehension of natural laws on non-material lines. Whether the theory that our world is placed in this manner at some point in a chain of material universes be the outcome of psychological study or no, it does not strike us as one that has much to support it or that will produce any certain additions to our knowledge.

TRADITIONAL HISTORY.

Primitive Traditional History. By J. F. HEWITT.
(Parker and Co., 2 vols., £1 1s.)

Race Life of the Aryan Peoples. J. P. WIDNEY.
(Funk and Wagnalls Company, New York, 2 vols., \$4.)

EUHMERISM and astronomical mythology stand at the opposite poles of thought. But they have one characteristic in common—namely, a complete lack of imagination. It is quite possible that this statement may be met with ridicule, even with abuse; but we are prepared to uphold it nevertheless. For the exponents of both schools of thought are ruthlessly procrustean in their methods. To the former all gods and heroes are men. To the latter they are all stars. And the fantastic process of lopping and stretching which both adopt to make the mythology of all ages and races fit the bed of their theory are not the outcome of imagination, but of a distorted ingenuity. Euhemerism has no place in Mr. Hewitt's remarkable book. He sees stars so vividly that his terrestrial vision is completely obscured.

Far be it from us to suggest that there was at no time a tendency to weave anthropomorphic and theriomorphic stories about the seasons and the years, and the revolution of the heavens. That there was such a tendency we know and admit. All we maintain is that this tendency cannot rightly be used to explain away

every folk-tale, every epic story, every hero and god of all the ages. That it can be so used to the point of *reductio ad absurdum* has been proved long ago by the famous tract which turned Napoleon into a sun-myth. And to tell the truth, reading the Homeric poems in the light of the archæological discoveries of the last thirty years, we see no more reason for regarding Odysseus as "the god of the way" (*ōdos*) than for calling Napoleon a form of Apollo.

Yet the dramatic force and beauty, and the intense human interest of the Odyssey are cast aside for the sake of this star theory, and into the words of the epic are read meanings which were never there, in order that the swine of Eumæus may figure as stars.

Another aspect of the history of the God of the Left Thigh appears in the story of Odysseus, the God of the Way (*ōdos*) (*sic*) of the revolving heavens, the star Orion, who was the son of Laertes, the god of the parent pillar (*lat*) and Antiklsia the backward key, and hence his path round the heavens was the retrograde track of the Great Bear. He was, as we have seen, the god of the revolving bed of the Great Bear, the waggon of the sun-god of the cycle-year. His mythological history as the year-god Orion, the Hunter of the North, goes back to the age of the pig-gods, when the Pole Star sow drove the seven pigs of the Great Bear round the pole. He, as king of the star-pigs, owned six hundred star-sows guarded by his Phœnician swineherd Eumæus (*sic*), and lodged in twelve pigsties, the twelve stations of the sun-god of the age of Orion going round the heavens in twelve months

And so on! For example:

The conditions of the contest as declared by Penelope were that the victor should bend and string this bow of the Great Bear and shoot an arrow right through the twelve double axes (*τελακίς*) (*sic*) or twenty-four crescent moons of the year of the twelve pigsties.

And:

Melanthios the Goatherd, the Pole Star goat, was captured when he went to get arms for the suitors from the bed-chamber of Odysseus' revolving heavens' bed.

And from time to time Philoitios becomes Philautios, Erysichthon is Erisichthion, Penelope is always "a spinning Pleiades," and the Greek generally is that of Smith minor. *ἔπει' ἐν κινήσει μακίων* becomes *ἔπειεν ἐν κινήσει μάκων*. The assertion is made (to fit the argument) that Melanthios was "changed from an ape-god of the left thigh into a sexless gnomon-pillar"—truly a high fate for the treacherous goatherd.

What word is there, further, to indicate that the bed of Odysseus revolved? or that Melanthios went to Odysseus' bed-chamber for the arms? Does not Odysseus' revelation of his identity to Penelope depend on the fact that no eye but his own and hers had ever beheld the bed built about the olive tree? What hint is there that the twelve pigsties have anything whatever to do with the twelve double axes. Do we not nowadays count both knives and eggs by the dozen? Are they any the more for that sacrificial knives or cosmic eggs? These mathematical and astronomical gymnastics are wearisome. Does everyone who runs the ordinary risks of pig-sticking also run the risk of becoming a "Year-god of the Thigh"? Is every character who figures in the Iliad and Odyssey a goat-god or a pig-god, a star or a pillar, or all in turn?

Granted that it may be so (we do not grant it), and what proof do we find in this book? A wilderness of loose assertion, a jumble of wild etymology, wrenching words which the author cannot spell into meanings and connections which they cannot bear; page-long sentences which may mean anything—or nothing—expressed in English which none but an Indian Civil Servant could perpetrate—these are Mr. Hewitt's "proofs." What are we to think of these two sentences, chosen at random:

This is in all essentials a reproduction of the Indian Soma sacrifice of the three mixings of Indra, milk, sour milk, barley and water from a running stream adapted to Mexico where no cows were kept.

And this—nearly 200 words, broken but by a few commas and a single semicolon:

But the seasons thus represented [in the "Achilleian games"] are not those of Greece but of India, and they show that though the

chariot race in its earliest form was probably introduced into India by the charioteering immigrants from the North, yet the fully-developed year-race of the Vájapeya sacrifice was brought to Greece from India in a similar way as (*sic*) that by which so many Indian forms of ritual, such as those of the worship of snakes and of the mother-tree, were incorporated in that of Greece, the measurement of time by the Pleiades year and many other Indian customs and rites having been brought by earlier immigrant Indian races of mixed descent, who traced their birth partly to Indian matriarchal ancestors; and this year of the chariot race seems to have been brought to Greece by the worshippers of the horses consecrated to the sun in Persia and Syria, who were the maritime traders of this epoch who brought these races to Greece as their predecessors, the maritime Tursena, brought this worship of the Indian and Carian god of the double axe.

The elucidation (!) of the funeral games of Patroclus is of an astonishing ingenuity, but it teems with instances of loose statement, which almost amounts to misrepresentation, and which is characteristic of these volumes throughout. And the comments upon Il. XVI. 137 and 800 would be open to the charge of disingenuousness if one were sure that Mr. Hewitt's Greek is equal to the translation of Homer. That *κυνέη* is originally a dog-skin cap it is true. But its Homeric meaning is simply a soldier's cap, made of any skin (*e.g.*, *κυνέη ταυραῖη* Il. X. 258), and it no more possesses the invariable characteristic of conferring invisibility upon the wearer than does a modern "bearskin." It is a very special *κυνέη*, the *κυνέη* "Aïdos" which, in Il. v., 845, confers invisibility on Athena; and it derives this property, not from its material, but from its association with the lower world—rather a different thing from the dog-star. And in the second reference to the *κυνέη* of Achilles, worn by Patroclus, there is not so much as a hint that Hector was foredoomed to death as a consequence of wearing it. All that the line can rationally be made to mean is that he was not destined long to enjoy the spoils of victory. But in Il. XXII., 29, the reference to the dog-star is specific and clear, and has no reference to the helmet of Achilles, or to any part of that armour of his which Hector had taken from Patroclus, but to the armour made by Hephaistos.

A very similar example of erroneous description is that of the description given by Mr. Hewitt of the "Standard of Sargon":

This standard as depicted in the Assyrian picture, here reproduced, represents the Great Bear archer as standing in the centre of the circular Garden of God with his bent bow ready to shoot the arrow of the two pointer-stars which is to slay the year-god, and on the top of his tiara helmet is a St. George's Cross, the emblem of the equinoctial cycle-year. Below him are the shooting rays of the setting sun growing to his right and left as the cotyledon leaves of the sun-plant, which sprouts on each side of the generating sun-egg the seed capsule laid by the sun-bird, the generating Ankh of Egyptian mythology. From this seed the root which forms its support, symbolising the staff of life, descends into a cleft into the stem of a date-palm tree with two lions' heads on each side of it, which became the mother-tree of South-western Asia and India in succession to the fig-tree of this age. This mother-tree grows out of a water-jar, the symbolic parent of life in the age of the Great Potter, and this stands on the head of a horned bull.

Above the mother-water-jar and on each side of the sun-egg are two bulls with their hindquarters touching the egg and standing on the outstretched wings of the mother-sun-hen, which laid the egg of life.

The bull's head, on which stand the jar of life, the mother-tree, its offspring the sun-bird with outstretched wings, and the egg it laid, is that of the parent buffalo, the traditional cloud-bird which Feridun carved on the head of his sceptre and fighting-club, the weapon preceding the swords of the Bronze Age.

The "St. George's Cross" is actually a *fleur-de-lys*, which Mr. Hewitt elsewhere equates with the trident as the symbol of the three seasons of the year. The "shooting rays of the setting sun" are surely the twin rivers of Mesopotamia. The "stem of the date-palm-tree" is no more than the conventional treatment of the lions' manes in overlapping tufts of hair, and the outstretched wings are not strayed fragments of the "mother-sun-hen," but belong to the lions also.

The pity of it is that the vast amount of genuine astronomical material collected by Mr. Hewitt is discredited by the extravagance of his aims. Jacob, Joshua, Jesus, Diomedes, Achilles, Jason, Rustum, Gautuma, Prajapati, Cuchullain, Fergus Fairge and King Arthur, and all gods and heroes from China to Peru, are bundled into this sackful of stars without

rhyme or reason, till the real data for the early systems of chronology are obscured in general confusion. Mr. Hewitt seems to lack the first qualification for research in this direction—viz., the faculty of discrimination between the limited class of folk-tales of astronomical origin, and the personalities to whom they were attached in more widely developed times. We are quite willing to admit that the earliest epics may contain reminiscences of these old cosmogonic and chronometric myths. But we fail to see why this should necessitate the emasculation of every dramatic situation, and the sacrifice of every atom of human actuality in the stories of the heroes. We will not give up our great sulky Achilles, our blustering Menelaus, nor our Odysseus of many wiles, with his trusty Eumæus, for all the stars in the firmament and all the days in the calendar.

A book of a very different calibre is "Race Life of the Aryan Peoples," by Joseph P. Widney. As Mr. Hewitt's work is of the East, so is Dr. Widney's of the West—and never the two can meet. At the very outset the American's point of view is proclaimed.

The Greek colonies, not Ilium and Atreides Agamemnon, are the true epic of Hellas, vastly more marvelous. So of the Aryan folk; not the Vedas, not the Avestas, not the Iliad, or the Nieblungen, or Beowulf, but the marvellous tale of what the Aryan man has lived—how he has subdued the wild and waste lands—how he has made the desert to blossom as the rose—how he has built up empire with ax and plow, and has sailed the unknown seas—these are his true race epic.

Strangely, perhaps, in this book of so fresh and unsophisticated a point of view, we have much the same faults to find in respect of the author's scholarship. Mr. Widney's Greek is, if anything, rather more peculiar than Mr. Hewitt's. The latter misplaces his accents, and meddles rashly with etymology; the former scorns accents and breathings to the point of leaving them out altogether, while his method of transliterating Greek names is grotesque in the extreme. Thus we have Ionik, Attik, and Dorik, but Delphic and Italic, and, worst of all, Aiolik and AIschylos and Oita and OIdipous, but Phœnician—why not PHoinikian? We are well aware that this kind of thing passes for scholarship across the Atlantic, but the freshness of Mr. Widney's book is rather tarnished by such devices. However, we must forgive him these eccentricities, together with "tho" and "back of" (= behind), and the rest, for he writes in United States American, which is not our language, and therefore not our concern. The book can carry the weight of these blemishes, and still have something in hand. It is what would be called in its own language a "live" book, and for that we are thankful. It could hardly be otherwise, for it is written by a man who has been much alone with Nature, and who looks at this subject of race migration, not from the armchair of the theorist, but from the look-out of the pioneer. Some of his arguments rest solely upon common-sense and observation of Nature, human and inanimate—not such a bad basis, when all is said and done. At any rate, it has given Mr. Widney a foundation whereon to build a remarkable edifice of historic retrospect and prophecy, whose growth in his pages has proved, to us, most fascinating, even where we have been bound to dissent from his reasoning or his conclusions. And at the same time he possesses a quality which tempers this plain-speaking common-sense, and which gives to his writing the charm of a certain mysticism and gentleness which are not usually associated with the United States.

Dr. Widney's argument, roughly outlined, is, that as the Aryan race originated in a temperate continental upland, its most vigorous development must always be in the temperate belt. North of that belt progress is arrested by an over-hard struggle with Nature; south of it life is too easy, and the race degenerates. And it may be said that the case (not a new one) is well and

soberly stated. Further, he argues that the continental life and that of the sea-coast tend to develop in the former case the spiritual, in the latter the intellectual activities; and he regards the Catholicism of the Latins as the natural successor of the polytheism of the pre-Christian Mediterranean. He ascribes the future to the "Anglo-Saxon" section of the Teutonic division of the Aryan race, on the ground that there is no room for the expansion of any other section of the race in its natural climatic zone. He looks forward to a great Anglo-Saxon federation which shall control the destinies of the world, in full possession of both the northern and the southern temperate zones. And naturally he regards the United States as the leading Power of the future. His case for the Monroe doctrine we have heard stated before, less temperately, and with about as much soundness of logic. But, for all the inevitable bluster of the doctrine, we must thank him for the kindness which is the prevailing characteristic of the book. Even in writing of the race question in the United States, he can be gentle, and his dream is the convenient migration of the negroes to the tropical belt of South America. There is a deeply religious tone in all his writing—not the "religion" of blatant sects and fads—and a great and genuine respect for the institutions and people of this country. It is not to be expected that we should sympathise wholly with American ideals and aspirations, or even with those of the best Americans, but we can pay Dr. Widney no higher compliment than to wish he had been born an Englishman, so that he might have written this book from an English point of view.

THE LIBRARY TABLE

English Society in the Eighteenth Century in Contemporary Art. By RANDALL DAVIES, F.S.A. (Seeley and Co., 7s. net.)

THE idea of this volume is a good one, and the result should not be missed by anyone interested in old manners and old pictures. The interest of the author is clearly rather artistic than sociological, and it is therefore no hostile criticism to say that the interest of his book to the reader is likely to be chiefly in the illustrations, which he has chosen with judgment and which are reproduced with much merit. Four are printed in colours, the best of them being taken from Cotes's "Queen Charlotte with the Princess Royal and the Duchess of Ancaster." The rest, some thirty, are in monochrome. Some of them are familiar, like the "Shortly after Marriage" scene from Hogarth's "Marriage à la Mode," or Rowlandson's "Vauxhall"; many are much less so; for example, Marcellus Laroon's "The Duke of Montagu's Wedding," and Highmore's illustrations to "Pamela." Some of the pleasantest and, of course, the most illuminating for the subject, are family groups, like Sir Joshua's picture of "The Eliot Family," and two charming examples of Copley, "The Children of Francis Sitwell, Esq." (a good name), and "The Children of George III." Mr. Davies connects them all, chronologically and artistically, with an agreeable running comment—that is, at least, according to the sequence of an ordinary reader's impressions, though actually they illustrate his instructive history. He has been at great pains to get at examples not otherwise known to the public, and is to be congratulated on a delightful volume.

Frivola, Simon Ryan, and Other Papers. By AUGUSTUS JESSOP, D.D. (T. Fisher Unwin, 3s. 6d.).

As the title implies, this book is merely the second edition, in one volume, of two books published separately in 1896. We notice it on its reappearance for the

sake of the poignant story, "Simon Ryan the Peterite." It had hitherto escaped the notice of the present reviewer, at any rate, and he desires that it should receive the attention which it deserves from our readers. Otherwise Dr. Jessop's vein of humour and usual fluency of writing do not attract him much. Dr. Jessop is not a writer of fiction, and does not appear to aim at much characterisation, and though "Simon Ryan the Peterite" is apparently a narrative of facts, the story might have been told more subtly with equal accuracy. But if this had been done, a merit which the present writer regards as characteristic of Dr. Jessop's writing would have been lost—namely, an extraordinary veracity of style. Dr. Jessop is, of course, an antiquary, but he is also a large and long observer of life, kindly, but very discriminating. We do not question his accuracy in research or observation, and he has shown himself before, well able to conduct special pleading when he chooses to do so; but we are not concerned with the facts of Peter Ryan's life. We point out that in telling the story Dr. Jessop shows, as he usually does, the faculty of saying what he wishes to say in a manner which carries conviction of the truth of his words. He shows no very conspicuous recreative power, but he gives his testimony in the manner of what lawyers would call "a good witness," able and anxious to establish the facts of which he speaks. The same quality of writing is conspicuous in the story of the phantom which he saw in Lord Orford's house. We have never read a ghost story written in so convincing a manner. We do not argue in support of the facts, we admire the conspicuous candour of style.

Songs from the Classics. By CHARLES F. GRINDROD. Illustrated by AUSTIN O. SPARE. Second series. (D. Nutt, 5s.)

MR. GRINDROD'S muse has her moods. There are times when one can see her at the writer's elbow, giving him the word. There are other times, when it is plain that he has had to dispense with her aid. But the beauty of brevity she has not taught him. Perhaps the trouble is, that for all his ingenuity in the handling of metres, Mr. Grindrod cannot get away from the ballad tradition, and the result is that some of his "songs" are a rather incongruous mixture of philosophy and narrative.

But as often as not the failure is due to a single unfortunate word, obviously chosen under the pressure of a difficult rhyme, or of the limitations of the metre. Mixture of metaphor is responsible for the spoiling of some good stanzas, and the general impression conveyed is that of an unfinished production, which a little polishing would have turned into pleasing, if undistinguished, poetry. But occasionally a hideously commonplace metaphor startles one, just when everything seemed to be going well, as when Diana renews her suit to Cephalus in such words as these:

But 'tis not well new sweets to waste
Because the old thou can'st not taste.
Let not the dish I offer thee grow cold,
While thou dost starve with sighing for the old.

One's thoughts fly to tepid suet-pudding!

But there is very different stuff from this in "The Riddle of Œdipus," the first poem in the book. There is a strongly Omareque flavour about the philosophy, which certainly is accentuated by the metre in a rather puzzling fashion:

If from Life's drama that stout strutter "I"
Were dropped, could some strange actor play the part?
Would the pale light we call our flame
In any lantern burn the same?
Hath each small rock its place upon the chart?
Shines every star in its own patch of sky?

There are many good lines, a few good couplets, not many good stanzas, and one good piece—Silenus. But the poems, on the whole, repay reading, and contain some vivid ideas. Inequality is their main defect. Mr. Spare's illustrations are somewhat unfortunate.

A few years ago they would have been called "embellishments." They are occasionally reminiscent of Strang, and one of them, a vase in the shape of a satyr's head, is distinctly good. But the sphinx in the guise of a colossal tabby-cat is not convincing, and the headings are mangled memories of debased vase paintings. The book would not have been the worse without them.

The Andes and the Amazon: Life and Travel in Peru. By REGINALD ENOCK, F.R.G.S. (T. Fisher Unwin, 21s.)

PERU has an area in square miles of something over 700,000, with a population of 4.1 per square mile. Great Britain and Ireland, with 121,000 square miles, has a population of 346 per square mile. It will be gathered therefore that Peru of to-day is a country of vast unknown possibilities, and despite its romance of history, a practically unexplored land. Mr. Enock does much to remove this ignorance; he has travelled much and assimilated facts and impressions which are valuable and helpful. He is of opinion that there is a spirit arising among the upper class in Peru regarding the development of the resources of their country which is in contrast with the lack of enterprise formerly displayed. The profession of the army, the law, and politics, so much sought after by the Spanish American, who has been content to live at the expense of, rather than to the benefit of, his country, are now no longer considered the only ones to be followed. Engineering as a profession, for example, is much esteemed and followed by the younger generation, and it is safe to say that such a condition is a mark of progress. The author is in agreement with other prospectors that the mineralogical wealth of Peru is incalculable. The difficulty of working and cost of transport are, of course, difficulties gradually to be overcome, but the gold, silver, and copper from the mines of the far off Cordilleras, latter-day results of old-time workings, and also, in a part, from more recently opened mines, will year by year add to the riches of the world. The book is well produced with many illustrations, a good map, and an index. It should be of service to those whose interests, commercial, scientific, or geographical, are concerned with that wonderful part of the world.

Dry Fly Fishing and Salmon Fly Casting. By F. S. SHAW. (Murray, 10s. 6d. net.)

BOTH the name of the publisher and the name of the author of this book ought to be guarantee for its excellence, yet the title is a misleading one. We have not here the science of the dry fly fisherman brought to nearly as high a point as several writers have brought it; we even doubt whether the precise Mr. Halford would allow the description of scientific to apply rightly to this work at all, so far as it touches the subject which he has made so much his own. But if the title is a little misleading in this, it is, again, a little misleading in suggesting the restriction of its topics. There is a deal about fishing the wet-fly and the sunken fly—perhaps the distinction is not recognised enough—there is a deal of pisciculture, a deal of natural history—the well-fought contest of the theories of the feeding versus the non-feeding of salmon in fresh water is waged over again—and finally there is a full description of all the instruments essentially necessary to the craft of the angler. Thus the book is at once rather less precise in detail and rather more wide in scope than its title indicates. It is not the worse for this; on the contrary it is the better. Mr. Shaw writes well, he also fishes well, and is himself a champion trout fly-caster. The book is well illustrated, its diagrams assist towards the better comprehension of the text, and its reproduction from

photographs and drawings are good. It is distinctly a practical book; at the same time it is a very readable book; its cost is half a guinea, net, and it is fairly safe to say that though its title is a little misleading, its lead and its counsel generally may be followed with every confidence. There are few anglers so experienced or so expert that it will not teach them something.

The Toil of Life. By FRANCIS STOPFORD. (The Walter Scott Publishing Company, Ltd., 5s.)

THERE is a quality in this book which compels the reader to think little of its faults. When we admit that it is rambling and formless, and that it solves no philosophical difficulties, we have said the worst we can, and are free to accept it for what it really is—the unconscious revelation of a lovable personality. To write at all about the subjects chosen by Mr. Stopford and yet to avoid the note of priggishness is the rarest of feats; and impossible, we believe, except when performed as Mr. Stopford performs it—by force of simple sincerity, and without deliberate intention. The reader feels that here is no superior person condescending to instruct us, but merely a kindly fellow-mortal trying to hand on to us, for our benefit, the best views of life which a varied and chequered experience has given him.

Mr. Stopford seems to fear that his truths may be accused of staleness. The fear is quite unfounded. It is only the names of the virtues that are old. What is always new is the embodiment of them in a complex human character revealed without egoism or parade. As a whole the book may be said to contain a store of material out of which unusually good sermons might be made. The preacher himself has been in the depths. Bereavement, poverty, sickness, exile, all the storms of life have riven him, and have left his spirit brave. Have courage, he says; be kind and cheerful, lead honest lives. Old lessons: lessons we never finish learning: lessons we take best from the man who like ourselves has served his apprenticeship to pain.

Dalmatia: The Land where East meets West. By MAUDE M. HOLBACH. (John Lane, 5s. net.)

MUCH art goes to the making of a successful guide-book. It is so easy to be accurate, careful—and tedious. Mrs. Holbach is certainly the two former, and narrowly escapes being the last. Her book teems with historical facts, not uninterestingly put, and shows much research and assimilation; moreover, Dalmatia is an amazingly fascinating land, full of artistic treasures and architectural wonders, of which the half hundred really excellent photographs give a very good idea. "To-day Dalmatia dwells apart, in a borderland somewhat off the highway of the world's traffic, like a shadow left by the receding tide between the sea and the shore, belonging more to the East than to the West—more to the past than to the present." Spoiled as we are by the comfort and luxury of modern travel, it will be difficult to attract the wanderer to Dalmatia, despite its undoubted attractions, for it is impossible to hide the fact that it is a "difficult" and uncomfortable country, with few of the conveniences of civilization, and most of the drawbacks of a back-water land. Notwithstanding this, however, it would be idle to deny the superlative beauty and charm of such places as historic Sebenico, picturesque Ragusa, exquisite Spalato, or curious Trau. Mrs. Holbach is to be congratulated on her sincere enthusiasm for a wonderful and neglected country, and for her obvious indifference to its many discomforts. There is a good map at the end of the book, but no index, so that it is comparatively useless for reference.

FRANCIS THOMPSON

DIED AT DAWN, NOV. 13, 1907, AGED 47 YEARS.

No tocarán campanas cuando yo muera.
Que la muerte de un triste poco suena!
Let not a bell be rung when I am dying.
The death of one so sad should make small sound.

THIS old fragment of Spanish verse forced itself into my mind with the dull insistence of a bell tolling in a populous street, when I received a message yesterday that Francis Thompson's life of pain was over. No one, surely, ever had so sad a life as he, so remote from all that makes the joy of life, lawful or unlawful—no one, at least, for whom the bells of fame have been asked to toll—not Keats, not Chatterton, not Poe! Yet toll they will for him, and with good cause, to-morrow, for a spirit of the very elect among us, a poet among our poets, has passed away.

I do not propose to speak of his poetry here, though that was all his value to the living world. He had hardly a friend. He was of use to none, not even to himself. For ten years before his death he had intellectually ceased to be, and his life may be said to have ended, except for suffering, from the day his last line of verse was written; and that, I think, was in 1897. Since then an occasional review in *THE ACADEMY* or the *Athenæum* was all that he contributed to the world of letters, and it was unsigned, and made no stir. It had been written to supply his daily needs—from no exuberance of thought. During those ten years he was dying slowly of the dread consolation which had become to him a necessity, and which he could not forego.

I do not know to what an extent the history of Thompson's life is known. It was my privilege to see him frequently during the concluding two months of his martyrdom, and to get glimpses, precious now, of what his past experience had been. It was a turbid recollection, like the surface of a stagnant stream marred in its surroundings, and with hardly here and there a gleam of colour or of light. Poor, frail spirit, in a body terrible in its emaciation, a mere shred of humanity fading visibly into the eternal shadow! As he moved among us, or lay silent in his dreams, his face might have been that of some Spanish Saint of the days of Ysabel the Catholic, tortured to inanition by his own austerities; or again it might—so small it was—have been that of a prematurely aged and dying child. Yet there were shades less deep than the rest. Now and again he would talk to me alone, and show me something of what his mind had been, if it was nothing now. I will try to rescue, while I can, from the murder of oblivion, such few poor flowers of memory as I found blossoming there, flowers still tenderly rooted in his poet's mind.

There were, too, thoughts, I think, that consoled him for a life so terribly without material pleasure, so steeped in physical suffering, so void of temporal happiness. The first was that, in spite of all, he had achieved his dream of writing things which had a chance to live. His suffering had been the price he had paid for it, but it had not been wholly paid in vain. Without it he hardly could have touched the stronger chords of feeling which had moved the world, fashion as he might the phrases of his verse, and pile, as he knew how, image on image, fancy on fancy, in his elaborate odes. Of the composition of these he spoke as a work to him of infinite labour, a labour indeed of love, but not for that less real. He knew that poetry, like every other art, was only perfected through toil. But there was something more needed to touch men's hearts, and that was bred of pain. This thought was a consolation for his joyless days. The other consolation was his trust in a life to come, with larger possibilities. Thompson was essentially a believing

poet, one who had preserved the Catholic tradition of his youth untouched on fundamental matters by the modernism of our day. So at least he expressed himself to me, though for the ordinary consolations of religion I think he had small reverence. The soul's immortality was to him a truth unquestionable; and how should it have been otherwise, seeing to how frail, how ineffectual a body, his own was joined?

Of his early Catholic training at Ushaw, and his subsequent connection as an inmate with more than one monastic institution, we, of course, spoke. His father, a doctor at Manchester, had with his mother joined the Catholic Church at the time of the Tractarian movement, and so he had been from birth a Catholic. This gave a special colouring to his life; and there is nothing more distinctive in his verse than its echoes of the Catholic ritual. At Ushaw, an old-fashioned school, half seminary, in the north of England, he received with his religious training the sound classical education which also is so visible in his style. His knowledge of the best literature was wide, and his memory for books read in youth very remarkable. Thus he began life intellectually well equipped, and the circumstances served him alike for such success as he achieved, and for his greater suffering.

The story of his quarrel with his father, of his life as an outcast in the streets of London, of his rescue from the lowest depths of the submerged at the hand of one to whom he owed his intellectual rebirth, of his clean, pure life of poetic production with the Premonasterians of Storrington and later with the Capuchins of Pantasaph and Crawley, is, I believe, in its general outline not unknown. Though reticent on many points, Thompson threw much valuable light for me on incidents which will some day be of use to his biographers. He was especially insistent in assuring me that in the quarrel which led to his leaving his home, it was himself, and not his father, who was most to blame. If there was fault other than his own, it lay rather with his stepmother—for, his own mother being dead, his father had married again. They had wanted, both of them, especially the stepmother, that he should study medicine, as being his father's profession, and eminently respectable, which, in their opinion, that of a writer, was not, while he was crazed for literary fame. He attended the anatomical classes by their desire, but their horrors repelled him, and though he partially overcame his repulsion, he never could endure the sight of flowing blood. Silent and uncommunicative as he always was, he left his father ignorant of this. Instead of telling him, he chose to play the truant and spend his time in the public libraries, where he could follow his own bent of literary ambition.

"As a boy of 17," he told me, "I was incredibly vain. It makes me blush now to remember what I thought of myself. Neither my father nor my mother" (his stepmother) "had the least appreciation of literary things, or the least suspicion that I had any talent of that kind. But I was devoured by the ambition to be a great writer. All my medical studies were wasted, because I would not work, but ran off from my classes to the libraries. If my father had known it, he would not have forced me to go on. Then I failed in my examinations, and, having failed, I let myself go, and took to evil ways. I was in every sense an unsatisfactory son." He was so insistent with me on this point of justifying his father in the quarrel that followed between them, that I think he would not wish it unrecorded. Although after their final quarrel he was cast off entirely, he clung to the recollection that, three months before his father died, they had met again at Pantasaph, and that his father had been then "entirely kind."

Of his life in the London streets, where for five years he starved, he did not like to talk. I gathered from him that at first his father gave him a small allowance of a few shillings a week, and put him in the way of getting business employment, but that, finding that he failed repeatedly to keep his situations, he finally withdrew all help, and left him to his fate. From a business point of view, the poor poet must have always been a hopeless failure, a thankless subject to befriend, for he was utterly lacking in every quality that commands success, even in the power of applying himself consecutively to the work he loved. As it was, he drifted down the stream of life in London almost without an effort, and by the end of his second year there, in spite of what we know was in his brain of literary power for verse or prose, he had become a mere waif upon the streets, the most pitiful of the destitute poor—an educated man submerged. Work with his hands he could not do. "For that," he told me, pathetically, pointing to his poor, weak arms, no stronger than a child's, "I was physically unfit." All he could do was to earn the few daily pence he needed by such half mendicancy as the English law allows, the sale of matches in the streets, attendance at theatre doors at night as a caller of cabs, and casual messenger. He needed about elevenpence a day to live, and when this was won his daily, or rather his nightly, work was over, and he retired to rest under the Covent Garden arches, or on the waste ground hard by, where the refuse of the great market is thrown. He had no other lodging. What wonder, then, that he took habitual refuge from the cold and wet of those unheated hours, waiting the policeman's order to "move on," in the drugs which his medical training gave him a knowledge of, and helped him to procure.

His rescue from this depth of misery was as dramatic as anything in the history of literature. I do not owe my knowledge of its details to himself, but to a source almost as direct. He had been five years thus in the streets when he made up his mind like Chatterton to die. From time to time through all that period he had tried to get an entrance into the literary heaven of print by addressing publishers and editors with specimens of his verse and prose, written for the most part on scraps of paper gathered from the gutters, and always in vain. No favourable answer ever had been returned to him. Among others, he had addressed the then editor of the Catholic magazine *Merry England*, sending him, with some verses, an essay treating of the relations between Soul and Body. It had reached the editor wrapped in a dirty envelope, and the subject of it being unattractive it had been put aside in a pigeon-hole unread, nor was it till six months afterwards that, finding himself in want of material for his magazine, the editor took it down and examined it. He then found it to be full of originality, and with a wealth of illustration and quotation quite unusual in such contributions. The verses, too, were of such excellence that they betokened discovery—perhaps of a true poet. They were signed "Francis Thompson, P.O. Charing Cross." The essay and a poem were therefore published with his name, but when it came to forwarding payment for them the author proved undiscoverable. He was no longer to be found at the address given. Meanwhile, Thompson had seen his verses printed and, finding as he thought all reward denied him, finally yielded to despair, and having for some days saved up all the pence he could earn he devoted them to the purchase of a single dose of laudanum sufficient to end his troubles. With this he retired at night to his haunt, the rubbish plot in Covent Garden Market, resolved on death. Then by his own narrative the following incident occurred. He had already taken half the fatal draught when he felt a hand upon his arm, and looking up saw one whom he

recognised as Chatterton forbidding him to drink the rest, and at the same instant, memory came to him of how, after that poet's suicide, a letter had been delivered at his lodgings which, if he had waited another day, would have brought him the relief needed. And so with Thompson it happened; for after infinite pains the editor had that very morning traced him to the chemist's shop where the drug was sold, and relief for him was close at hand.

This was the beginning for Thompson of the new and better life. Befriended by his good Samaritan, who clothed and fed and found him lodging, first in a hospital, for he needed bodily cure, and next for his mind's health, at Storrington, he came into his intellectual inheritance and found in it salvation. There at the foot of the Sussex Downs during the next two years Thompson wrote nearly all the great poetry the world knows as his, "In Dian's Lap," "The Hound of Heaven," "Sister Songs," and that splendid "Ode to the Setting Sun," which is the finest of its kind since the odes of Shelley. It was the highest point he reached of life and fame, the one short period of exceeding peace, sound health and quiet happiness his soul was to know. Guarded from evil by his Premonasterian hosts, he was, for the first time in his town existence, to wander freely among woods and fields and flowers. From his simple country surroundings he drew his inspiration, things new to him and strange, and for that reason felt the more vividly. A short space of happiness it was, the only one he could boast of in his life, for he had cast aside his town habits, and his success was a sufficient anodyne.

But Thompson, alas! was essentially a town-dweller, nursed in the grime and glare of gaslit streets, and his heart hungered for them still. The country was never his true home, nor did he ever learn to distinguish the oak from the elm, or to know the name of the commonest flowers of the field, or even of the garden. From his new paradise at Storrington he wandered back into the world of London, which was to be his doom. Twice again the friends who had first rescued him, in their untiring zeal, sought to apply the remedy which had produced such fair results. They found a home for him awhile with the Franciscan friars at Crawley and Pantasaph, but no new blossom of happy verse resulted, and little by little his life settled down into the way of death he had chosen with hardly an effort to avert the end.

His last few weeks of peace were spent, I am glad to remember, in this immediate neighbourhood, and once more in the Sussex Weald he had learned to love at Storrington. They were those beautiful weeks of early autumn which prolonged the summer this year well into October, and for just a little he was happy in his quiet way under the oak trees reading and sleeping, with occasional talks, the result of which last are these pages I have written. Perhaps I have said too much about so sad a life; but I think the few who loved him will not find it so, while the many who have loved his poetry will thank me for giving them a glimpse of his tragic personality. As I think of him sitting with us under the trees I seem to hear him reciting his own verses:

Suffer me at your leafy feast
To sit apart, a somewhat alien guest,
And watch your mirth,
Unsharing in the liberal laugh of Earth;
Yet with a sympathy
Begot of wholly sad and half-sweet memory—
The little sweetness making grief complete;
Faint wind of wings from hours that distant beat,
When I—I, too,
Was once, O wild companions, as are you—
Ran with such wilful feet,
Wraith of a recent day and dead,
Risen wanly overhead,
Frail, strengthless as a noon-belated moon,
Or as the glazing eyes of watery heaven,
When the sick night sinks in a deathly swoon.

WILFRID SCAWEN BLUNT.

THE GAMBLE OF LITERATURE

THE most frequent charge brought against the man of letters is that he is thrifless. Those prudent, petty souls who so love to bring it have hardly the sense to perceive that as a rule the man of letters, the genuine artist, not the popular purveyor of readable but wooden matter, does not make enough money to be thrifty with. More often than not the best work is the worst paid. But quite apart from this simple fact, they also fail to perceive that there is in the calling of literature so great an element of uncertainty as to make it almost a pure gamble.

Now, literature is a genuine calling. When people like the late Sir Walter Besant, founder and president of the British Society of Authors, write and talk of the profession of literature, they really mean the trade of purveying readable matter to the general. They are infected by the spirit which dictated the famous apothegm of Old Gorgon Graham, "Years ago there was good money in poetry." Stevenson was infected by that spirit when he made his no less famous comparison between the man of letters and the courtesan; he was degrading literature to a trade, and a disreputable trade at that. The genuine man of letters is very little concerned with entertaining the world; he is concerned, generally quite unconsciously, with delivering a message to it. There is a call on him to make a revelation to it. It may be a revelation of beauty or of truth, of joy or of sorrow, of humour or of sadness, of hope or of despair, but always it is a revelation of the heart of life. If he can make his revelation in an entertaining fashion, all the better for the man of letters; he shall have money and fair words. If he cannot make it in an entertaining fashion, none the less he has to make it; there is an imperative call on him to make it. Consider three men making such diverse revelations as Whitman, Pater, and Dostoevsky: I protest that I derive no entertainment from any of the three. I read them with absorbed interest, but with entertainment in the Stevensonian sense, no. Still less does any one of the three afflict me with the feeling that he was a professional man.

The element of uncertainty in the calling of literature plays a very important part in its effect on the man of letters who has to live by that calling. The author of the "Hill of Dreams," the latest work of pure literature in English, brings his hero to London to essay the "Adventure of Literature." He would, though every adventure is in a sense a gamble, have been more exact had he brought him to London to essay the gamble of literature. The man of letters is not, like the purveyor of readable matter to the general, filling a long-felt want; he is delivering a message which as a rule the general does not want to hear. The expression of that message may take the form of a poem, a novel, an essay, or a short story; but the work once done, its author at once enjoys, or is afflicted by, the expectancies of the gambler. He sends it forth with the feelings of a gambler putting up a stake. Is it going to bring him recognition—the hearing, that is, his message demands, and the money and fair words that recognition means? Or is it going to come back and come back from shrinking editor and shrinking publisher? On it as on a foundation he rears the dreams of an Alnaschar—visions of a listening world, and visions of gold in his pocket to buy him nights in Bagdad, or days by the sea, according to his fancy. Now and again something is published; the fair words are few, the coins fewer. Of all the creatures that breathe and crawl upon the earth the man of letters is most often choused. His message falls on deaf ears; for him there are few nights in Bagdad, or days by the sea. For years he lives from hand to mouth, the spirit of the gambler waxing and waxing in him. If at last his lot leaps out of the rattling

urn, or in the happy phrase of the vulgar his message "makes a success," and he is plastered with fair but irrelevant words, and the good red gold comes rolling in, what wonder that he displays a gambler's prodigality? Moreover, the essential difference between the prudent seeker of popularity in literature or the arts, working with a steady eye on his bank account, and the genuine artist is a certain generosity of soul. The one is for ever saving his energy in order to produce the greatest quantity of the saleable; the other is only eager to give himself lavishly to a world which does not greatly desire him. Having been lavish of himself, is it likely that he will be sparing of his money? Such an one to rejoice must have others to rejoice with him; and if his money will buy them joy, on joy he lavishes it with both generous hands.

EDGAR JEPSON.

THE PARTING

AMBROSE took a great draught from the mug and emptied it, and forthwith rapped the lid for a fresh supply. Nelly was somewhat nervous; she was afraid he might begin to sing, for there were extravagances in the history of Panurge which seemed to her to be of alcoholic source. However, he did not sing; he lapsed into silence, gazing at the dark beams, the hanging hops, the bright array of the tankards, and the groups of drinkers dotted about the room. At a neighbouring table two Germans were making a hearty meal, chumping the meat and smacking their lips in a kind of heavy ecstasy. He had but little German, but he caught scraps of the conversation.

One man said: "Heavenly veal cutlets!"

And the other answered: "Glorious eating!"

"Nelly," said Ambrose, "I have a great inspiration!"

She trembled visibly.

"Yes; I have talked so much that I am hungry. We will have some supper."

They looked over the list of strange eatables, and, with the waiter's help, decided on Leberwurst and potato salad as light and harmless. With this they ate crescent loaves, sprinkled with caraway seeds: there was more Munich Lion-Brew, and more flowery drink, with black coffee, a *fine*, and a Maraschino to end all. For Nelly the Kobolds began to perform a grotesque and mystic dance in the shadows, the glass tankards on the rack glittered strangely, the white walls with the red and black texts retreated into vast distances, and the bouquet of hops seemed suspended from some remote star. As for Ambrose, he was certainly not *ebrius* according to the Baron's definition; he was hardly *ebriolus*; but he was sensible, let us say, of a certain quickening of the fancy, of a more vivid and poignant enjoyment of the whole situation, of the unutterable gaiety of this mad escape from the conventions of Lupton.

"I was 'fey,' I think, that night," said Ambrose in after years. "It will always be bright in my mind, that picture—the low room with the oak beams, the glittering tankards, the hops hanging from the ceiling, and Nelly sitting before me sipping the scented, flowery drink from a green glass. It was the last night of gaiety, and even then gaiety was mingled with odd patterns—the Frenchman's talk about martyrdom, and the statue of the saint pointing to the marks of his passion, standing in that dyed vesture with his rapt, exultant face, and then the song of final triumph and deliverance that rang out on the chiming bells from the white spire. I think the contrast of this solemn undertone made my heart all the lighter; I was in that odd state in which one delights to know that one is not being understood, so I told poor Nelly the story of Panurge's marriage to La Vie Mortale; I am sure she thought I was drunk!"

"We went home in a hansom, and agreed that we would have just one cigarette and then go to bed. It was settled that we would catch the night boat to Dieppe on the next day, and we both laughed with joy at the thought of the adventure. And then—I don't know how it was—Nelly began to tell me all about herself. She had never said a word before; I had never asked her; I never ask anybody about their past lives. What does it matter? You know a certain class of plot—novelists are rather fond of using it—in which the hero's happiness is blasted because he finds out that the life of his wife or his sweetheart has not always been spotless as the snow. Why should it be spotless as the snow? What is the hero that he should be dowered with the love of virgins of Paradise? I call it cant—all that—and I hate it; I hope Angel Clare was eventually entrapped by a young person from Piccadilly Circus—she would probably be much too good for him! So you see, I was hardly likely to have put any very searching questions to Nelly; we had other things to talk about.

"But this night I suppose she was a bit excited. It had been a wild and wonderful week. The translation from that sewage-pot in the Midlands to the Abbey of Thélème was enough to turn any head; we had laughed till we had grown dizzy. The worst of that miserable school discipline is that it makes one take an insane and quite disproportionate enjoyment in little things, in the merest trifles, which ought really to be accepted as a matter of course. I assure you that every minute that I spent in bed after seven o'clock was to me a grain of Paradise, a moment of delight. Of course, it's ridiculous; let a man get up early or get up late as he likes or as he finds best—and say no more about it. But at that wretched Lupton early rising was part of the infernal blether and blatter of the place, that made life there like a long dinner in which every dish has the same sauce. It may be a good sauce enough; but one is sick of the taste of it. According to our Bonzes there, getting up early on a winter's day was a high virtue, which acquired merit. I believe I should have liked a hard chair to sit in of my own free will, if one of our old fools—Palmer—had not always been gabbling about the horrid luxury of some boys who had armchairs in their studies. Unless you were doing something or other to make yourself very uncomfortable he used to say that you were like the 'later Romans.' I am sure he believed that those lunatics who bathe in the Serpentine on Christmas Day would go straight to heaven!

"And there you are. I would awake at seven o'clock from persistent habit, and laugh as I realised that I was in Little Russell Row and not in Lupton. Then I would doze off again and wake up at intervals—eight, nine, ten—and chuckle to myself with ever-increasing enjoyment. It was just the same with smoking. I don't suppose I should have touched a cigarette for years if smoking had not been one of the Mortal Sins in our Bedlam Decalogue. I don't know whether smoking is bad for boys or not; I should think not, as I believe the Dutch, who are sturdy fellows, begin to puff fat cigars at the age of six or thereabouts; but I do know that those pompous old Boobies and Blockheads and Leatherskulls have discovered exactly the best way to make a boy think that a packet of Rosebuds represents the quintessence of frantic delight.

"Well, you see how it was, how Little Russell Row, the dingy, the stuffy, the dark retreat of old Bloomsbury became the abode of miraculous joys, a bright portion of fairyland. Ah! it was a strong, new wine that we tasted, and it went to our heads, and not much wonder. It all rose to its height on that Thursday night when we went to the Three Kings and sat beneath the hop-bush, drinking Lion-Brew and flowery drink, as I talked extravagances about Panurge. It

was time for the curtain to be rung down on our comedy.

"The one cigarette had become three or four when Nelly began to tell me her story; the wine and the rejoicing had got to her head also. She described the first things that she remembered; a little hut among wild hills and stony fields in the west of Ireland, and the great sea roaring on the shore but a mile away, and the wind and the rain always driving from across the waves. She spoke of the place as if she loved it, though her father and mother were as poor as they could be, and little was there to eat ever in the old cabin. She remembered Mass in the little chapel, an old, old place, hidden away in the most desolate part of the country, small and dark and bare enough, except for the candles on the altar and a bright statue or two—St. Kieran's cell they called it, and it was supposed that the Mass had never ceased to be said there, even in the blackest days of persecution. Quite well she remembered the old priest, and his vestments, and the gestures that he used; and how they all bowed down when the bell rang; she could imitate his quavering voice saying the Latin. Her own father, she said, was a learned man in his way, though it was not the English way. He could not read common print, or write; and he knew nothing about printed books, but he could say a lot of the old Irish songs and stories by heart, and he had sticks on which he wrote poems on all sorts of things, cutting notches on the wood in Oghams, as the priest called them, and he could tell many wonderful tales of the Saints and the People. It was a happy life altogether; they were as poor as poor could be, and praised God, and wanted for nothing. Then her mother went into a decline and died, and her father never lifted up his head again, and she was left an orphan when she was nine years old. The priest had written to an aunt who lived in England, and so she found herself, one black day, standing on the platform of the station in a horrible little manufacturing village in Lancashire; everything was black—the sky, the earth, the houses, and the people; and the sound of their rough, harsh voices made her sick. And the aunt had married an Independent and turned Protestant, so she was black, too, Nelly thought. She was wretched for a long time, she said. The aunt was kind enough to her, but the place and the people were so awful. Mr. Deakin, the husband, said he couldn't encourage Popery in his house, so she had to go to the meeting-house on Sunday, and 'listen to the nonsense they called religion'—all long sermons with horrible shrieking hymns. By degrees she forgot her old prayers, and she was taken to the Dissenters' Sunday School, where they learned texts and heard about King Solomon's Temple, and Jonadab the son of Rechab, and Jezebel, and the Judges. They seemed to think a good deal of her at the school—she had several prizes for Bible knowledge.

"She was sixteen when she first went out to service. She was glad to get away—nothing could be worse than Farnworth, and it might be better. And then there were tales to tell! I have never had a clearer light thrown on the curious and disgusting manners of the lower middle class in England, the class that prides itself especially on its respectability, above all on what it calls morality—by which it means the observance of one particular commandment. You know the class I mean: the brigade of the shiny hat on Sunday, of the neat little villa with a well-kept plot in front, of the consecrated drawing-room, of the big Bible well in evidence. It is more often chapel than church, this tribe, but it draws from both sources. It is, above all things, shiny; not only the Sunday hat, but the furniture, the linoleum, the hair, and the very flesh which pertain to these people have an unwholesome polish on

them, and they prefer their plants and flowers and shrubs to be as glossy as possible—this *gens lubrica*.

"To these tents poor Nelly went as a slave; she dwelt from henceforth on the genteel outskirts of more or less prosperous manufacturing towns, and she soon profoundly regretted the frank grime and hideousness of Farnworth. She had been to the world beyond the Venetians, the white muslin curtains, and the india-rubber plant, and she told me her report. They talk about the 'morality of the theatre'—these swine! In the theatre, if there is anything of the kind, it is a case of a wastrel and a wanton, who meet and part on perfectly equal terms, without deceit or false pretence. It is not a case of 'master' creeping into a young girl's room at dead of night, with a Bible under his arm, the said Bible being used with grotesque skill to show that 'master's' wishes must be at once complied with under pain of severe punishment, not only in this world, but in the world to come. Every Sunday, you must remember, the girl has seen 'master,' perhaps crouching devoutly in his pew, perhaps in the part of sidesman, or even churchwarden, most probably supplementing the gifts of the pastor at some nightmarish meeting-house. 'Master' offers prayer with wonderful fervour, he speaks to the Lord as man to man, his voice gets husky with emotion, and everybody says how good he is. He is a deacon, a guardian of the poor (gracious title!), he builds nice houses for the poor that he guards, he is an earnest supporter of the British and Foreign Bible Society; in a word, he is of the Great Middle Class, the Backbone of England, and of the Protestant Religion. He subscribes to the excellent society which prosecutes booksellers for selling the works of Rabelais and the 'Decameron' of Boccaccio.

"'Mr. King was a horrible man,' said Nelly, describing her first place. 'He had a great greasy pale face, with red side-whiskers, and a shiny bald head; he was fat, too; and when he smiled it made one feel sick. Soon after I got to the place he came into the kitchen. Missus was away for three days, and the children were all in bed. He sat down by the hearth and asked whether I was saved, and did I love the Lord as I ought to. Then he opened the Bible and read me nasty things from the Old Testament, and asked if I understood what it meant. I said I didn't know, and he said we must approach the Lord in prayer, so that we might have grace to search the Scriptures together. I had to kneel down close to him, and he put his arm round my waist and began to pray, as he called it; and when we got up he took me on his knee and said he felt to me as if I were his own daughter!'

"There—that is enough of Mr. King. You can imagine what the poor child had to go through time after time. It is a hideous world enough, isn't it? And isn't it a pleasant thought, that you and I practically live under the government of these people? 'Master' is 'the man in the street,' the 'hard-headed, practical man of the world,' the 'descendant of the sturdy Puritans,' whose judgment is final on all questions, from Poetics to Liturgiology. 'We hardly think that this picture will commend itself to the man in the street,' 'a course of action that is calculated to alienate practical men.' Pleasant, isn't it? *Suburbia locuta est, causa finita est.*

"I suppose that by nature these people would not be so very much more depraved than the ordinary African blackfellow. Their essential hideousness comes, I take it, from their essential and most abominable hypocrisy. You know how they are always prating about 'Bible teaching,' the 'simple morality of the Gospel,' and all that nauseous stuff? And what would be the verdict in this suburban world on a man who took no thought for the morrow, who regulated his life by the example of the lilies, who denounced the saving of money as a deadly sin? You know perfectly well that his relations would have him declared a lunatic. *There is the*

villainy. If you are continually professing an idolatrous and unctuous devotion to a body of teaching which you are also persistently and perpetually disobeying in its plainest, most simple, and elementary injunctions—well, you will soon be an interesting object to anglers in search of bait.

"Yes; such is the world behind the india-rubber plant into which Nelly entered. I believe she repelled the advances of 'master' with success. Her final undoing came from a different quarter. She cried bitterly when she spoke of it, but she said, too: 'I will kill him for it.' It was an ugly story. And a sad one, alas! the saddest tale I ever listened to. Think of it; to come from that old cabin on the wild, bare hills, from the sound of the great sea, from the pure health of the waves and the wet salt wind, to the stench and the poisons of our 'industrial centres.' She came from parents who had nothing and possessed all things, to our civilisation, which has everything—and lies on the dung-heap that it has made at the very gate of heaven, destitute of all true treasure, full of sores, and vermin, and corruption. She was nurtured on the wonderful old legends of the saints and the fairies, she had listened to the songs that her father made—and we gave her the Penny Novelette and the daily paper. She had knelt before the altar, adoring the most holy sacrifice of the Mass—and she knelt beside 'master,' while he 'approached the Lord in prayer,' licking his fat white lips. I can imagine no more terrible transition.

"I do not know how or why it happened, but as I listened to Nelly's tale, my eyes were opened to my own work and my own deeds, and I saw for the first time my wickedness. I should despair of explaining to anyone how utterly innocent I had been in intention all the while, how far I was from any deliberate design of guilt. In a sense I was learned, and yet in a sense I was most ignorant; I had been committing what is, doubtless, a grievous sin under the impression that I was enjoying the greatest of all mysteries and graces and blessings, the great natural sacrament of human life.

"Did I not know that I was doing wrong? I knew that if one of the masters found me with Nelly I should get into sad trouble. Certainly, I knew that. But if one of the masters had caught me smoking a cigarette, saying 'damn,' or going into a public-house to get a glass of beer, or using a crib, or reading Rabelais, I should have got into sad trouble also. I knew that I was sinning against the 'tone' of the Great Public Schools; you may imagine how deeply I felt the guilt of such an offence as that! Indeed there was a hint—a dim intuition—deep down in my consciousness that all was not well; but I knew of no reason for this; I held it a morbid dream, the fantasy of an imagination over exalted perhaps; I would not listen to a faint voice that seemed without sense or argument.

"And now that voice was ringing in my ears with the clear, resonant summons of a trumpet; I saw myself arraigned for doom beside the pestilent horde of whom I have spoken; and, indeed, my sin was worse than theirs, for I had been bred in light and they in darkness. All heedless, without knowledge, without preparation, without receiving the mystic Word, I had stumbled into the shrine; uninitiated, I had passed beyond the veil and gazed on the hidden mystery, on the secret glory that is concealed from the holy angels. Woe and great sorrow were upon me; as if a priest, devoutly offering the Sacrifice, were suddenly to become aware that he was uttering, all inadvertently, hideous and profane blasphemies, summoning Satan in place of the Holy Spirit. I hid my face in my hands and cried out in my anguish.

"Alas! that was a sad night, after all our laughter. We had sat on and on, till the dawn began to come in through the drawn blinds; I told her that we must go to bed, or we should never get up the next day. We

went into the bedroom, and there, sad and grey, the dawn appeared. There was a heavy sky, covered with clouds, and a straight, soft rain was pattering on the leaves of a great plane tree opposite, and heavy drops fell into the pools in the road. It was still as on the mountain, filled with infinite sadness, and a sudden step clattering on the pavement of the square beyond made the stillness seem all the more profound. I stood by the window and gazed out at the weeping, dripping tree, the ever-falling rain, and the motionless, leaden clouds; and it was as if I heard the saddest of all music, tones of anguish and despair, and notes that cried and wept. The theme was given out—itself wet, as it were, with tears—it was repeated with a sharper cry, a more piteous supplication, it was re-echoed with a bitter utterance, and tears fell faster, as the rain drops fell splashing from the weeping tree. Inexorable in its sad reiterations, in its remorseless development, that music wailed and grew in its lamentation in my heart; heavy it was, and without hope, heavy as those still leaden clouds that hung motionless in heaven. No relief came to this sorrowing melody; rather a sharper note of anguish; and then for a moment, as if to embitter bitterness, sounded a fantastic laughing air, a measure of jocund pipes and rushing violins, echoing with the mirth of dancing feet. But it was beaten into dust by the sentence of despair, by doom that was for ever, by a sentence pitiless, relentless; and as a sudden breath shook the wet boughs of the plane tree, and a torrent fell upon the road, so the last notes of that inner music were to me as an agony of hopeless weeping.

"I turned away from the window and looked at the dingy little room where we had laughed so well. It was a sad room enough, with its pale blue, stripy-patterned paper, its rickety old furniture, and its feeble pictures. The only note of gaiety was on the dressing-table, where poor little Nelly had arranged some toys and trinkets and fantasies that she had bought for herself in the last few days; there was a silver-handled brush, and a flagon of some scent that I liked, and a little brooch of olivines that had caught her fancy, and a powder-puff in a pretty gilt box—the sight of these foolish things cut me to the heart. But Nelly! She was standing by the bedside, half undressed; and she looked at me with the most piteous longing. I think that she had really grown fond of me. I suppose that I shall never forget the sad enchantment of her face, the flowing of her beautiful coppery hair about it; and the tears were falling down her cheeks. She half stretched out her bare arms to me, and then let them fall. I had never known all her strange allurements before; I had refined, and symbolised, and made her into a sign of joy; and now, before me she shone disarrayed, not a symbol, but a woman, in the new intelligence that had come to me, and I longed for her. I had just enough strength and no more. I kissed her on the forehead, and slept in a broken-down arm-chair. We parted the next day, and I have never seen her since."

ARTHUR MACHEN.

ST. MARK'S EVENING

AN exercise of the contemplative faculty that never fails in its reward is to sit, as I have now done every evening for these several weeks past, at one of the little tables before Florian's, or, better still, the Café on the opposite side of the Piazza, in a leisurely enjoyment of the spectacle that is there enacted. Indeed at this period of a year in which the heat set in later, but on that account more severely, than usual the contemplative faculty is the only thing that a Northerner in Venice has any wish to exercise, for the Venetians themselves have lately found the temperature a subject

of conversation, and during the mid-day hours this expanse of sun-baked stone has been deserted even by the pigeons.

But with evening, as the shadows of the great twin columns began to lengthen, a little air, the faintest ghost of a sea-breeze, came fluttering in between them from the lagoons, and the soft touch of it, like the kiss of the fairy-prince, woke Venice from her sleep. Gradually by one entrance and another the twisted alleys of the town have been pouring their share of life on to the great Piazza, until now that incomparable stage is thronged with the actors in the evening comedy.

To this performance one can give the high praise of declaring it almost worthy of the setting; it is a spectacle, a burlesque, and a comedy of manners in one, and the action of it mingles the peoples of north, south, east and west in the happiest confusion. At this time the south and east are fortunately in a majority, for the sun has driven most of the English and Americans out of Venice, and the place is in consequence by so much the more pleasant. They have not all disappeared, however; a few remain, for the most part minor dignitaries of the Church, whom you may see, Baedeker in hand, about the porches of the Cathedral, or assisting their womankind in an orgie of local-colour to the extent of two sous' worth of corn for the vagabond pigeons. But these worthy folk have such a power of creating their own alien atmosphere as never to seem portion of the crowd that surrounds them. One such pair, indeed, I have in mind, who take their little breakfast at the table next to mine at Danieli's, whose Anglican respectability is so strong that I protest it works a miracle every morning and transforms their *café-con-latte* and horse-shoe rolls into the silver urn, the bacon and buttered eggs, of some distant parsonage.

The Germans also are still lingering, if such a term can with propriety be applied to the Teutonic method of travel. Bands of them, fiercely and wondrously clad, parade the town with the demeanour of armed expeditions in a hostile country, peering distrustfully through their inevitable glasses at churches and palaces as though suspicious of finding the interest of these monuments inadequate to the amount of the hotel-bill.

Even these, however, are becoming rare, so that the real Venetians in the crowd are now numerous enough to overpower such unlovely elements, and of Venetians it has become a truism to say that they are more naturally and easily picturesque than the natives of any other city in Europe. To watch them as they pass and repass in that aimless lounging which is the habit of the Piazza, the dandies elaborately curled and (or my eyes deceive me) cunningly waisted, the fishermen swarthy-hued, with scarlet caps and heavy earrings like the mariners of an operatic chorus, the women with each her black shawl and slow-moving fan, is to assist at a demonstration in the art of doing absolutely nothing with the most graceful and innocent enjoyment.

Here, of course, as in all Continental assemblies, there is a notable prevalence of uniform, worn by the military, the *gens d'armes* and the policemen. The Venetian garrison was for long a source of perplexity to me, but I am now persuaded that it consists of a great many officers, and at most two or three privates who must spend their time "running round" to create an illusion of numbers. It is certain that wherever you go you will meet them, generally walking together, very young, very brown, with slight moustaches and bashful smiles; they are always the same, and nearly always have one hand raised to the salute. This seems indeed to constitute their principal duty, and it is by no means an easy one, for the poor lads are apparently bound so to recognise anyone who can display an inch

of official braid. No longer ago than yesterday I myself saw one of them extend this homage to the captain of a penny steamboat—perhaps so as to be on the safe side.

For all that, their presence adds to the gaiety of the performance, while as for the officers their glittering swords and tight lavender trousers are nothing short of a public benefaction. The *gens d'armes* are even more resplendent, and on Sundays and festas, when the tricolours of united Italy adorn the staves where once flaunted the banners of the Republic, the glory of these gentlemen is enhanced by such a bravery of plume and epaulette as must invest the process of being "run in" by them with much of the pomp of a *coup d'état*. All this splendour, however, does not render more noticeable the insignificance of the policemen, whose appearance contributes to the spectacle that element of burlesque to which I but now alluded, since none of them are above five feet six inches in height, and their costume suggests nothing so much as the clown scene from an English pantomime. These unhappy beings seem to be regarded by the crowd in the light of harmless buffoons, and when, a few evenings back, one of them provoked an encounter with a small vagrant of two feet nothing, he retired worsted amid the delight and derision of all beholders. But we are easily amused on the Piazza.

We are curious, too, and take an intelligent interest in the rebuilding of the Campanile, which is progressing after a leisurely and dignified fashion behind the wooden hoard in the corner of the Bibliotheca. Unfortunately the only door in this barrier displays a notice that "*E proibito l'ingresso a chi non appartiene al lavoro*," and we are therefore reduced to the necessity of craning our necks to catch such glimpses of the interior as are obtainable during the momentary opening of the door for the passage of a workman. But we do this again with unfailing eagerness.

It is a succession of such small diversions that makes up our evening's entertainments, and accounts for the astonishing rapidity with which the Piazza will consume an hour in the apparent interval of ten minutes—especially if one sits, as I am careful to do, with my back turned to the famous clock, on whose dial, by some machinery of changing numbers, the passage of time is recorded with a more deadly precision than seems appropriate to a spot so unblushingly idle.

There are, however, other traces of its progress in the changing light upon St. Marks. I can never determine to my satisfaction at what hour that lovely surface is most lovely—at noonday when it blazes with the magnificence of jewelled ivory, or later when it floats in moonlight like an enchanted shell, fantastic as the palace of some sea fairy-tale. Just now I am (as always) inclined to favour the present moment, and certainly not without reason, for there is some magic in the evening air of Venice, some refinement of transparency, that changes marble into light itself, radiance solidified.

But it is a short-lived glory; too quickly the shadow creeps higher and higher till only the topmost cross is left glittering in the level rays, though out beyond the Piazzetta a rosy flush still lingers upon the island-tower of San Giorgio. Soon it has also faded, and next moment comes the bang of the sunset gun from a warship anchored in the lagoon. It is time to be getting back to the hotel. Long ago the corn-sellers shouldered their baskets and departed, and the pigeons have settled to roost among the crags and ledges of the Cathedral (if you look closely you can see them, spots of darker grey in the shadows of the arches), though a few swallows are yet crossing and wheeling against the sky. For the last half-hour men have been busy setting up the band-stand in the centre of the square, for there is to be music here later on; already a few lamps begin to blossom like pale daffodils in the twi-

light. As I walk homeward along the Riva the boats of the "serenades," all hung with nodding lanterns, are being pushed off towards the mouth of the canal, and in the Eastern sky a great moon is rising above the Lido. Evening in Venice is over and the summer night is ready to begin. ARTHUR ECKERSLEY.

FICTION

Love, the Criminal. By J. B. HARRIS-BURLAND. (Greening, 6s.)

WE confess to a certain pity for Mr. Harris-Burland. By writing glorified penny-dreadfuls at the outset of his career he has caused his name to be associated in the mind of every critic, if not of every reader, with glorified penny-dreadfuls and nothing more. It is a thousand pities, for this book, though it is in parts artless enough, shows that he possesses real ability. It is by way of being something of a "shocker"; but it is a good "shocker," and it is not too shocking for any ordinary not over-morbid young lady to read in bed. Mr. Harris-Burland strains the long arm of coincidence a good deal in order to get his effects, and his effects are not always quite what he intends them to be; but we admit that his book entertained us mightily—that we resented having to put it aside before we reached the end. When he has learnt restraint—and occasionally he is restrained—he will write a much better book than the one before us, though it will probably be less successful from the point of view of royalties. We deplore his excesses, because they spoil what might have been a fine novel but his characterisation, as a whole, is admirable, and we have nothing but praise for those chapters in which he takes us to sea. Mr. Harris-Burland, with a friend to restrain him, could write a noteworthy book.

In the Queen's Service. By DICK DONOVAN. (John Long, 6s.)

ANOTHER historical novel, and a dreary one! Forty-four chapters, with such headings as these: "The Tryst by the Rowan Tree," "The Dead sleep Well," "Love Makes its Moan," "What the Moonlight Saw," are enough to strike terror to the heart of any but a practised reader of the "Duchess Novelettes" and literature of that class. The author has laid himself out to produce "a horrible tale," and has succeeded only too well. So gruesome is he that he defeats his own ends, and the reader wades heavily through pages of gory detail. Needless to say, there is a hunchback villain and a beautiful, insane gipsy woman. Fleeting but inspiring glimpses of Darnley and Mary Stuart constitute the historical element in the book. The lovely but flighty heroine marries the wrong man, and is murdered for her pains, while her discarded lover prospers, weds a lady of Mary's Court, and lives happily ever after. By which it will be seen that the book is not without a moral.

Open Hatchways. By the Honourable HENRY J. COKE. (Lane, 6s.)

A CURIOUSLY incongruous book. The scene is laid in England, the time is the present day, but the language and the whole spirit of the story belong to the early fifties. Socially, we have changed very greatly within the last twenty years, and a novel which purports to deal with modern society, but shows the attitude of mind of the mid-Victorian era gives the reader an uncomfortable sense of unreality. Try as he will, he cannot but picture the heroine, Elfhilda, as a ringletted, "Keepsake" damsel, and the fact that she reads Tinayre's "Maison du Pêché," does not help

matters; she should be weeping her eyes out over "Clarissa." Judged from the standpoint of the date to which, in spirit, it belongs, the book is not a bad one. Well and carefully written, it is interesting enough to carry the reader to the end of the thirty-four chapters. There is a touch of George Meredith in the characters (as well as the names) of Mrs. Boadle and Sir Ralph Wychard, though they are, unfortunately, too slightly drawn to contain more than a very faint hint.

The Square Peg. By W. E. NORRIS. (Constable, 6s.)

To readers in search of recreation we can heartily recommend "The Square Peg," and we can go yet further and recommend it also for something more serious than the mere amusement of an hour or so, for it is a novel considerably above the average in more than one respect. The drawing of the various characters shows much insight and also a very marked degree of differentiation, which—as there are six extremely active and two or three fairly passive characters, beside a few lightly sketched in the background—must have required considerable deftness in the management. Our interest in the story is maintained from the first chapter to the last, in spite of the fact that none of the people portrayed are peculiarly sympathetic, or possessed of any great personal charm. In thus investing with interest people not individually attractive, the author shows us his strength, and gives us some interesting and subtle studies and contrasts. The story opens well and in a manner calculated to arouse immediate interest. We are introduced on the first page to Mrs. Hadlow, who is seated at her breakfast-table looking "a little less good-humoured than usual," and awaiting the tardy appearance of her eldest son, with whom she is compelled to discuss unpleasant details of financial troubles. When at last Cyril—the son—does appear he brings with him a letter from a remote and half-forgotten cousin, which tells of the old man's desire to adopt his young relative as possible heir to his unentailed estate. It is in the position of heir to this old Devonshire squire that he becomes "The Square Peg." The reader will find some difficulty in feeling sympathetic with Cyril as a person, although as the study of a type anyone who has met his prototype in life will recognise the care with which it is portrayed. He is annoyingly insipid and characterless, and although he poses as an artist and a socialist we fail to find sufficient ground for accepting him as either, and we come to the conclusion that his desire for art was rather a negative than a positive quality. Anyhow, the artistic temperament seemed entirely lacking in the affairs of his heart, which were conducted in so lukewarm a manner as to almost enlist our sympathies with the scheming and mercenary widow, who saw in him a means by which she could mend her shattered prospects! About his socialism, too, we feel slightly sceptical. The author's manner of writing is not particularly striking, but it is straightforward and simple, and he relates his story clearly and well with a very telling truthfulness all his own. It is a manner which does not depend on any such embellishments as brilliancy or over-much humour, neither is the really readable result obtained by a dramatic story, for there are few "situations" to be found in this novel, and only one really dramatic scene, which takes place between Adela—the widow—and her mother-in-law, which is treated in a restrained manner. Indeed, so quiet and apparently effortless is this author's method that it is not until we close the book and regard it as a whole that we realise how very complete, carefully studied and finished it is. All readers of interesting fiction should be on the look-out for the next novel by the author of "The Square Peg."

FINE ART RODIN AND REASON

It sometimes happens that a man with a little knowledge may prove more dangerous as a teacher than an absolute ignoramus. Following this argument many people may join with Mr. Clutton-Brock in his skilfully conducted campaign against the technical criticism of art. "Where ignorance is bliss," etc. Why destroy Dr. Stiggins's enjoyment of "Little Abe" by patiently and laboriously educating him to some dim notion of the contrapuntal splendour of the overture to *The Meistersingers*. "The business of a critic," according to Mr. Clutton-Brock, is to "teach us how to enjoy art." Quite so, but the question remains whether that enjoyment is to be intelligent or the reverse. There are degrees of enjoyment, and some of us think it worth our while to spend our time and thought in the effort, often vain, to lift the victims of Dr. Stiggins into a higher plane of enjoyment. How is that enjoyment to be communicated? Mr. Clutton-Brock's method is simple. "Our art at the present day," he says, heartily, "is bad." Having with one anathema confounded Messrs. Rodin, Sargent, Guthrie, Brangwyn, Clausen, Wilson Steer, etc., he prepares enjoyment for his readers by leaving them to discover for themselves that things are better than he makes them out to be. Doubtless he means well, but I do not like his method. Having settled the public and the critic, the creator, the artist himself, is next attended to, and he is sternly asked whether he labours for love or money. The inference is that if his labour be for money it is dross and outside the pale of true art. Sturdy Sam Johnson, who once expressed with some force his views about writers who did not write for money, is obviously taboo. On the other hand Mr. Algernon Ashton, whose prolific production of letters is the result of pure love, must be welcomed inside. Hence it follows, according to Mr. Clutton-Brock's argument, that it is the business of the literary critic not to talk about such technical matters as style, sentence, construction, grammar and the choice of words, but to distinguish the love-children of Mr. Ashton from mere business venture of "The Rambler," and to explain to an expectant public the greater art of the former. Let me leave the literary critic to this unenviable task and investigate the value of Mr. Clutton-Brock's test when applied to sculpture and painting.

Now, a great picture or a great statue is produced by a trinity of forces: a trained hand, a well-stocked mind, and a feeling heart. Much can be done with any one of these, more with two, but the highest art is only to be achieved by the union of the three. But how are these qualities expressed, how may they be detected in a work of art? They are expressed and to be found in the despised technique, and in that only. If the drawing be good it betokens behind the trained hand the love of drawing that has led the artist to perfect his draughtmanship. In the design, the grouping and the arrangement the mind has conceived, and the heart has cheered the hand to its work, the colour betrays the sureness or hesitation of the hand, the science of the harmonising mind, the emotion of the sensitive heart.

How are these things to be explained? how are we to guard against the blind admiration of non-existent qualities, and the neglect of the existent if we do not enter into this question of technique? In a land of free speech everyone may voice his opinion of a picture or a statue, but unless that opinion is based on understanding, is set forth logically and with reason,

approbation and disapprobation are equally valueless. It is the duty of a critic to explain his likes and dislikes, to point out the qualities he admires, the defects he deplores, to aid his readers in sharing his joys and enter into his sorrows, and not to make vague assertions without a shred of reason or argument.

It is this lack of discrimination in contemporary criticism that brings the critic into contempt. When he says a work is good or bad he must support his assertion by all the means in his power, forcing his hearer to look with all his eyes and note qualities and defects he might otherwise miss. He should not talk about art or the artist, but the work which the artist has produced.

A very good example of the sort of writing that passes for art criticism among those who have never studied art is Mr. Frederick Lawton's "Rodin" (Grant Richards, 2s.). This is the second book that Mr. Lawton has written about the French sculptor, and in that it is shorter than the first it is to this extent preferable, but neither volume shows any power of analysis, or even a moderate understanding of the sculptor's art. What is to be thought of a critic who selects for reproduction Rodin's "The Shades" and omits the "Adam"? Here was an admirable opportunity for Mr. Lawton to follow Mr. Clutton-Brock's advice—good in the main, be it remembered—to distinguish between what was done for love or for other reasons. The "Adam," admittedly suggested by the "Slave" of Michael Angelo, may be less perfect, less grand, yet it is more alive, more vibrating, because it belongs to our own more nervous age. The modelling shows the good qualities of Rodin, the skill of his hand, and the love with which he has laboured in rendering the volumes of the shoulders and torso. But now look at the figure to our left of the group called "The Shades." It is the "Adam" again, but with what a difference! A new clay man has been cast from the old "Adam," the head, already bent, has been knocked down further to the dislocation of the shoulder, the left arm is pulled away from the body, a portion of the right arm is cut clean away. Defects in the "Adam" are repeated, but where are its merits? The love has flown out of the work, and with the love has flown the virtues of technique, the rhythm of line, the science of modelling.

That is what Mr. Lawson did in his first book, and in the second he says of the "Age of Bronze," "Science and expression are happily combined in the modelling, though perhaps with less power than in the later pieces." What does he mean by power? What are the later pieces? "The Age of Bronze" is the most complete work of Rodin the master, master by right of achievement and not publicity, of Rodin when he gave his whole soul to his work, and was not hampered and hindered by a crowd of snobs and parasites. In this statue we see all that knowledge and love of the beautiful which we seek so often vainly in more recent work. Delicate in movement, following the lines of the antique, it retains nevertheless the modern feeling for form. All the bones are in their places, the flesh is felt as flesh, and in a single statue Rodin has known how to express what another would have sought to render in a group. This indeed is great plastic art, and shall we diminish or heighten our enjoyment of this work by investigating the truth of the art and the skill of the artist as expressed in its technique?

Which are the later works which Mr. Lawton seems to prefer? Is it "Le Baiser," with its coarse, wooden legs and toes? Is it the "Victor Hugo" monument, which holds not together, and excels neither in drawing nor composition? Do not blame Rodin. The greatest master may have accidents and fail at times. Blame the men and women who praise the "Victor Hugo" perhaps more than the "Adam," and thus lead

the young sculptor astray by proving that the bad work, which is so much easier to imitate, is approved by so-called "critics" as heartily as the good. If it was Mr. Lawton's desire to show only the greatness of Rodin and not his failures, why did he not omit the monument and give instead the older and greater bust of the poet, a real masterpiece? If he wished to be just, to give an exact critical estimate, he should have reproduced the two and shown that even the head of the monument is greatly inferior to the bust. But to do this he would have had to enter into technical details which I doubt his ability to discuss, for he appears to be equally enthusiastic about "La Pensée" and the bust of Mme. Morla Vicuna, and sees not how much more fitting the title of the first is to the second, which expresses real intelligence with an execution perfect from every standpoint. The first pleases for a little while because the model is attractive, but it succumbs after a prolonged critical investigation because of the lack of modelling—look at the cheeks—and in sculpture the modelling is more important than the model. He is an artist of immense power, but this power is curiously confined. He was never a *praticien*, and not working it himself he does not quite understand the marble he loves. For that reason his bronzes, generally speaking, are preferable. At the same time he does not understand bronze as Mr. Paul Bartlett, for example, does, and compared to the American he is a babe in the matter of *patine*. He is not a great decorator, and the "Citizens of Calais" are more admirable regarded singly than as a group. His greatness does not lie in his power of arrangement. It lies in the great skill and great knowledge of his modelling. At his best he is the greatest modeller the world has seen, and with the clay, and without the false friends who stop him when his work is half done, he is a giant. He has created a noble series of busts unparalleled since antiquity. The "Victor Hugo," the "Puvis de Chavannes," the "Jean Paul Laurens," the "Henley," the "Mme. Vicuna"—above all, the "Man with the Broken Nose." He has created a flawless statue, the "Age of Brass," and other figures, masterpieces, if not flawless, like the "Adam," the "Danaid," the "Eve," the "John the Baptist"—admirable in parts, though as a whole the smaller headless and armless version, "L'Homme qui Marche," is superior. He has put fresh life into the art of sculpture, he has been a wholesome, inspiring influence on the young of talent, and if he has also been a pernicious influence on the less competent of the rising generation, that is not so much his fault as their own. They have failed to distinguish between the true Rodin and the false, or they have discovered, as Hoppner once said, that it is easier for a student to copy the defects of a master than his excellencies. It is the business of the critic to sort out the excellencies from the defects. And this he cannot do without entering into technical criticism. The excellencies may be the result of love, but they could not find expression without a profound knowledge of Nature and pure technical ability. The critic must *know* Nature, and he must *know* technique before he can guess at where love lies.

FRANK RUTTER.

DRAMA

"OTHELLO" AT HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE

"OTHELLO" is not a play for the theatre—at any rate, in the twentieth century. To really enjoy it, it should be read quietly by the fireside, as, indeed, Charles Lamb recommended it should be read. One's

idea of the principal characters is liable to be distorted by the personalities of the actors themselves, to the great detriment of one's artistic perceptions. This is partially true of the latest representation of the play, though owing to the weakness of much of the acting very little but momentary annoyance is likely to result. Neither Iago nor Desdemona nor Cassio were at all like my fancied people of the fireside, and I could not honestly think they were improvements. However that may be, Othello himself, in the person of Mr. Oscar Asche, is everything that one could desire. It is a stupendous part, and Mr. Asche played it to perfection. He was very black certainly, and this would not have pleased Coleridge, but he gave the feeling that he was a man of great personality, and a man to whom the Venetians might well have entrusted their safety. His self-possession in the first two acts showed that he was a born leader of men, and that he knew it: but from the beginning of the intrigue, from the moment when suspicion began to lay hold on him, he became merely human, and the agonies that he endured on the stage at once made themselves felt among the audience. They were most terrible, but the man remained for all that the great captain, even when he strikes his wife in front of the ambassadors. At times he became almost volcanic in his wrath, and then again he killed Desdemona as though he were merely fulfilling a duty that he had set himself to do. I cannot help feeling that whoever sees Mr. Asche in this part will accept him as the ideal Othello, and whenever they think of Othello they will think of Mr. Asche. His is an interpretation which comes very near to that of Professor Bradley, and I think it must have been largely influenced by his well-known "Lecture on the Shakespearean Tragedy."

By the side of his performance the other actors sink into insignificance; Miss Lily Brayton could not possibly be an ideal Desdemona, and until the last act I felt no illusion of the beautiful, high-born lady; but at the end, all the pity of it seemed to appear in her face and mien, and if I had only seen that fifth act I should have thought very highly of her performance. To fail as Iago is the lot of most actors who attempt the part, and Mr. Brydone must comfort himself with that thought; but in a way this perhaps is the key to the reason why *Othello* is a bad play to see. Unless Iago is the man Shakespeare made him, the play becomes too improbable. Why was Iago such a villain? The only answer seems to be because he was Iago. Mr. Brydone is not Iago, but he might, I fancy, have been a good Cassio; Mr. Hignett in this part was too effeminate. Miss Mary Rorke, as Emilia, was distinctly good in the last act, where, after all, she gets her only chance. The play was very excellently staged, and if *Othello* is to be seen at all it may very well be seen at His Majesty's. But the Censor, where is he, and how does he reconcile it to his conscience to allow it to be performed and refuse his licence to, shall we say, *Monna Vanna*?

A. C.

CORRESPONDENCE

THE POETRY OF EMILY DICKINSON

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—The immense intellectual influence which THE ACADEMY, under its present editorship, is gaining in Europe and the British Colonies tempts me to beg you to allow me to express a regret that the collected poetical works of the late Emily Dickinson are so little read outside the United States, so strangely their country of origin.

During the long summer of 1905, which I spent in the States studying American prose and poetry, I found no woven words so mystic and so wonderful against the drab or the sinister backgrounds of American life as those of this elfin genius,

touched with unearthly spiritual splendours that make her worthy to be called a soul's descendant of Crashaw and S. Teresa.

Only in THE ACADEMY of last December I have I seen anything modern of quite similar quality—"From Rosamor Dead," by "Althea Gyles." To bathe the mind in such faëry springs of poetry is to enjoy some moments of pure relief from our phantasmagoric pseudo-democracy of Asquiths, Birrells, Clifords, and Lloyd-Georges.

November 16.

VIRTUS ARIETE FORTIOR.

"MORTAL MEN"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Miss Herbertson's forbearing letter has made me feel a little ashamed of my "primrose path" suggestion. Of course, I did not refer to the clever author of this novel in particular. I was only indicating a certain general tendency in women-made books, and can quite understand that there are exceptions, where the most high-minded and conscientious motives are alone concerned.

November 16.

P. BEAUFLOY.

"THE SHATTERED IDOL"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—In reviewing the above in your last issue, you refer to my former novels, and write of them thus:

There was no thought, no true ability, no great charm, no latent power behind them.

And yet when you reviewed my "Doctor in Corduroy," you wrote of its hero that "the delineation of the horse-doctor's character is both faithful and touching." If this was so, then the novel must have contained some "thought," "true ability," and even some "charm." As to my "inane prefatory note," will you permit me to state that there is a church—now one of the "show churches" of Southern England—literally packed with artistic trappings that were obtained by its late vicar's fraudulent dealings.

November 18.

MAX BARING.

A GLASS HOUSE

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—The reviewer of Mr. Johnston's "Leading American Soldiers" stigmatises the combination of words "alien to" as ridiculous and unintelligible. No doubt he is right, but how about another combination of words, employed by himself in the review; I mean "belong in"? And how about "weed out the sheep and the goats"?

J. B. W.

THE LIFE OF CAVOUR

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—On page 60 of the new "Life of Cavour," by the Hon. Edward Cadogan, after borrowing textually five lines from Countess Martinengo's biography of that statesman (a book he seems to have read with care, though he never mentions it), the author proceeds to say that during the *fête* in honour of the promulgation of Carlo Alberto's Statute, Cavour showed his contempt for popular enthusiasm by whispering to his neighbour: "We are so many dogs." Now, this expression is used familiarly by Italians to indicate bad singing, and Cavour applied it jokingly to the bad singing of "Fratelli d'Italia" by himself and his fellow journalists in comparison with the better performance of the guild of wine-carriers which stood near them. The whole story is told in the Introduction to the first volume of Chiala's edition of "Cavour's Letters." It is also told correctly by Countess Martinengo in the words immediately following those quoted by Mr. Cadogan, so that the mistake of thinking the remark anything more than a joke becomes the more singular. I may add that Cavour never said a "Liberal Church in a Liberal State"; what he did say, or was reported to have said, was, a "Free Church in a free State"—which does not mean the same thing.

November 16.

A STUDENT OF "RISORGIMENTO."

AN APPEAL

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Will you kindly permit us to appeal through your columns to the charitable public on behalf of the underfed children attending our elementary schools.

For many years past the *Referee* Children's Dinner Fund, the London Schools Dinner Association, and other associations

have rendered valuable assistance in collecting and distributing funds. With these associations the Council is in close connection, and every effort is being made to bring the Council, the associations, and the schools into such relationship as will result in a highly efficient organisation for relieving distress.

The winter will soon be upon us, when distress must inevitably increase, and, in order to meet the needs of the children, the Council is anxious that at least £15,000 should be raised.

The Council considers that it would be a great misfortune if voluntary contributions, which have hitherto met the demand, should fail to continue to do so. If, however, the response is not adequate this winter, there will probably be no alternative in the winter of 1908-9 but to resort to the rates.

The Council has voted a sum for equipment and appliances, and will place every convenience at the disposal of the associations, through the medium of the Children's Care Committees, which have been appointed for every necessitous school. These committees will make all possible effort to ensure the most careful discrimination in the selection of those children who are really in need of help.

Contributions may be sent to:

- (1) The Referee Children's Dinner Fund, Hon. Treasurer—Mrs. Burgwin, 147 Brixton Road, S.W.; (2) The London Schools Dinner Association, Hon. Treasurer—The Right Hon. Lord Kinnaird, 1 Pall Mall East, S.W.; (3) any of the other associations co-operating with the Council.

Or, to one of us, the undersigned:

H. Percy Harris, Chairman of the London County Council, 98 Gloucester Terrace, Hyde Park, W.; John T. Taylor, Chairman of the Education Committee, 19 Woodchurch Road, Hampstead, N.W.; E. A. H. Jay, Chairman of the Sub-Committee on Underfed Children, Tower House, Woolwich.

November 14.

ANOTHER APPEAL

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Will you allow me to make an appeal through your columns for funds to complete the building of the Anglican Church which is now in course of erection at Khartoum.

In 1900 a first appeal was made in the English Press, but, owing to the many claims which were being made on the nation at that time, it was not until some years later that a sufficient sum had been collected to justify even the laying of the foundation stone.

This ceremony was performed by H.R.H. Princess Henry of Battenberg on February 7th, 1904, and the subscriptions raised since then enabled us towards the end of last year to commence the building of the church. Apart from the campanile tower, which will be erected when funds are available, at least £7,000 is needed at the present moment to complete the main building, and it is for subscriptions towards this sum that I venture to ask you to aid us through the medium of your valuable journal.

The money now at our disposal will become exhausted during the coming winter, but I am sanguine that if our needs are widely known there will be no necessity to discontinue the building for want of funds.

An illustrated account of the church work in the Sudan has been prepared, and a plan and sketches of the church now in the course of erection are given in its pages. Copies are being sent to all subscribers whose addresses can be obtained, and others are being distributed as widely as possible to those who are likely to interest themselves in the work. Copies will also be gladly sent to anyone who will write for them by the Hon. Secretaries in England or the Sudan.

Subscriptions will be gratefully received by the Hon. Secretary in England, Alfred Dyke Acland, Esq., 186, Strand, W.C.; or by the Hon. Secretary in the Sudan, Major P. R. Phipps, Khartoum. Cheques should be crossed "Khartoum Church Fund."

REGINALD WINGATE,

Major-General,

Governor-General of the Sudan.

October 16.

BOOKS RECEIVED

ARCHITECTURE

Okey, Thomas. *The Old Venetian Palaces and Old Venetian Folk*. Dent, 21s. net.

ART

Tomkins, Herbert W. *Constable*. Methuen, 2s. 6d. net.
Giotto. Par C. Bayet. Paris: Librairie de l'art ancien et moderne.

BIOGRAPHY

Forster, John. *The Life of Charles Dickens*. Chapman & Hall and Henry Frowde, 2s. net.
Lucas, E. V. *A Swan and Her Friends*. Methuen, 12s. 6d. net.
Cadogan, Edward. *The Life of Cavour*. Smith, Elder, 7s. 6d. net.
Henderson, G. C. *Sir George Grey, Pioneer of Empire in Southern Lands*. Dent, 12s. 6d. net.

BOOKS OF REFERENCE

Stokes' *Cyclopædia of Familiar Quotations*. Chambers, 3s. 6d. net.
Harbottle, T. B., and Hume, Martin. *Dictionary of Quotations (Spanish)*. Swan, Sonnenschien, 7s. 6d.
Where to Look. Pitman, 1s. net.

BOOKS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

Sowerby, Millicent and Githa. *The Bumblebees*. Chatto & Windus, 1s. 6d. net.
Harrison, Florence. *The Rhyme of a Run*. Blackie, 6s. net.
Steedman, Amy. *Knights of Art*. Jack, 6s. net.
Jacberns, Raymond. *That Imp Marcella*. Chambers, 3s. 6d.
Baldwin, May. *Mysie*. Chambers, 5s.
Finnemore, John. *Three School Chums*. Chambers, 3s. 6d.
Stables, Gordon. *A Little Gipsy Lass*. Chambers, 3s. 6d.
Home, Andrew. *Well Played!* Chambers, 5s.
Grierson, E. W. *Vivian's Lesson*. Chambers, 3s. 6d.
Quiller-Couch, Mabel. *Troublesome Ursula*. Chambers, 3s. 6d.
Neale, the late Rev. J. M. *Tales Illustrative of the Apostles' Creed*. S.P.C.K., 2s.

DRAMA

Peabody, Josephine Preston. *Marlowe*. Houghton, Mifflin, 4s. 6d. net.
The Plays of Molière. With an English translation by A. R. Waller. Critical introduction by Prof. Saintsbury. In 8 vols. Edinburgh: John Grant, £2 8s. net.
Upson, Arthur. *The Tides of Spring, and other Poems*. Oliver & Boyd, 3s.
Gibson, Wilfrid Wilson. *On the Threshold*. Samurai Press.

EDUCATIONAL

Spyridis, G. *Living Greek Language*. Athens: L. Beck.
Stewart, R. Wallace. *The Higher Text-book of Magnetism and Electricity*. University Tutorial Press, 6s. 6d.
Shakespeare's *The Merchant of Venice*. With introduction, notes, etc., by C. W. Crook. Ralph Holland, 2s.

FICTION

Dudeney, Mrs. Henry. *The Orchard Thief*. Heinemann, 6s.
Macdonald, Ronald. *The Election of Isabel*. Edward Arnold, 6s.
Trubetzkoi, Prince Michael. *Out of Chaos*. Arnold, 6s.
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